

# P O E M S

O N

VARIOUS SUBJECTS,

B Y

ROBERT FERGUSSON.

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P A R T II.

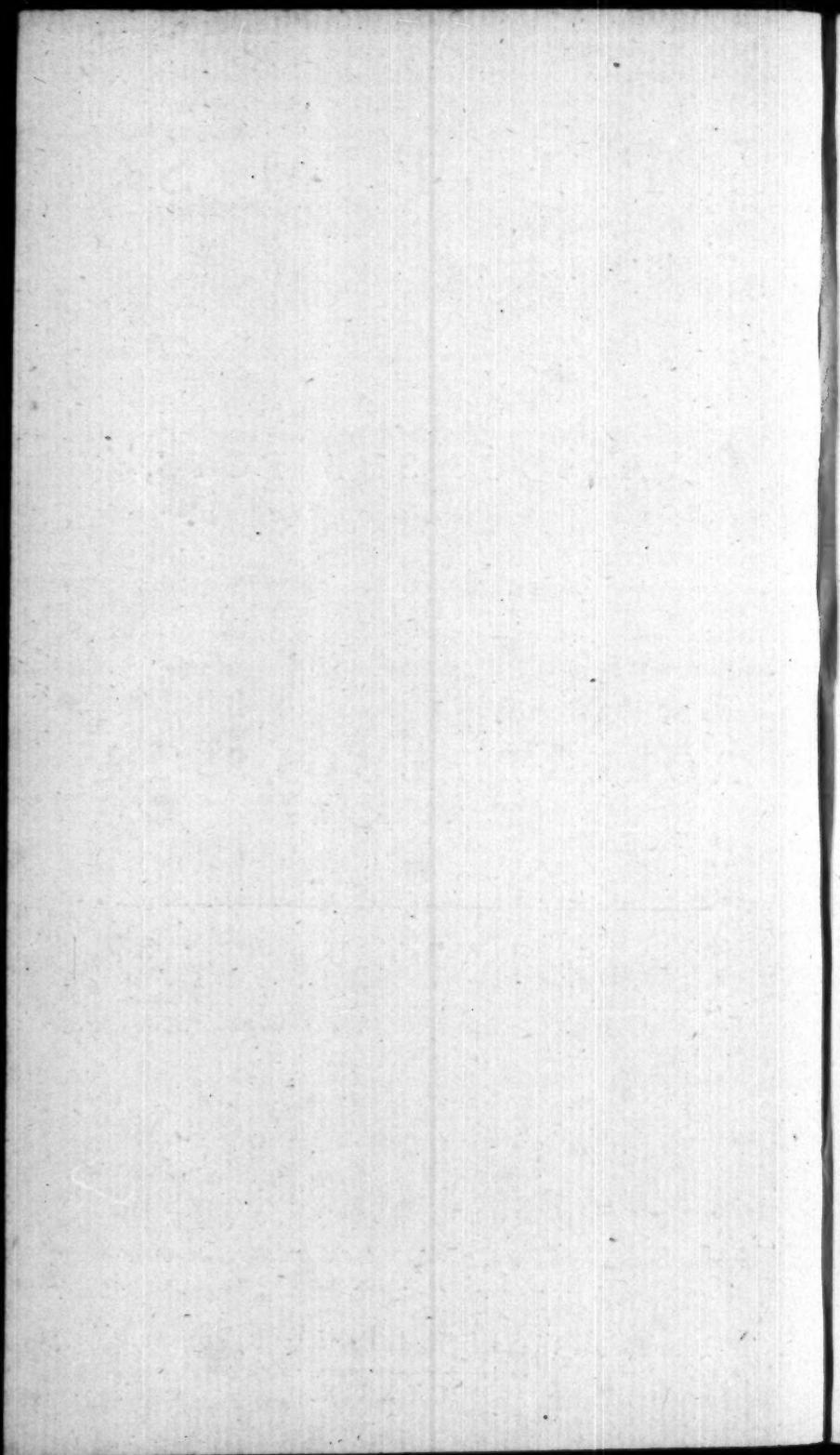
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E D I N B U R G H :

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M,DCC,LXXIX.



## P R E F A C E.

THE Author of these Poems lives now only in the literary world. We would not present them to the public, did we not think the perusal would give pleasure. Some short Account of the Life of this juvenile Writer will not, we hope, be deemed unnecessary ; for every one wishes to know the character of a man whose productions they admire.

ROBERT FERGUSSON, with whom Scottish Poetry now sleeps, was born at Edinburgh, September 5. 1751, of parents remarkable only for the simplicity of their lives, the honesty of their hearts, and the narrowness of their fortunes. When our Poet became of an age susceptible of education, he was taught its Rudiments.—After having acquired a proper knowledge of English, he was sent to Dundee ; and, at the school there, made a quick progress in the Latin language.

The father of our Poet intended him for the church, and accordingly put him to the University of St Andrews.—Unable to support him, friends, and the young gentleman's merit, procured him a bursary. Though never over studious, he soon attained to a proficiency in several sciences. His knowledge of Mathematics was such, that he procured the approbation, friendship, and patronage of

Dr

Dr Wilkie\*, then a Professor of that branch of education. In the Second Eclogue, the Doctor's death is most beautifully and pathetically regreted.

Having finished his studies at the University of St Andrews, he came to Edinburgh.—His father died soon after, and with him his plan for the education of his son. Our Author then attempted the study of the law,—a study the most improper for him, and in which he made little or no progress; for a genius so lively could not submit to the drudgery of that dry and sedentary profession.

To attempt a character of the works of this youthful Bard, would be equally vain as difficult. No colours but his own could paint it to the life; and who in his line of composition can even draw the sketch? His talent for versification in the Scots dialect, has been exceeded by none,—equalled by few. The subjects he chose were generally uncommon, often temporary. His images and sentiments were lively and striking, which he had a knack in cloathing with the most agreeable and natural expression. Had he enjoyed life and health to a maturer age, it is probable he would have revived our ancient Caledonian Poetry, of late so much neglected or despised. His works are lasting monuments of his genius and vivacity. For social life he possessed an amazing variety of qualifications.—With the best good nature, with much modesty, and the greatest

\* *Author of the Epigoniad.*

greatest goodness of heart, he was always sprightly, always entertaining. His powers of song were very great in a double capacity. When seated with some select companions over a friendly bowl, his wit flashed like lightning, struck the hearers irresistibly, and *set the table in a roar*.—But, alas! these engaging, nay bewitching qualities, proved fatal to their owner, and shortened the period of his *rational existence*.—Yet he found favour in the sight of Providence, who was pleased speedily to call him from a miserable state of being, to a life of early immortality, on the 16th October 1774.

Thus died ROBERT FERGUSSON, regreted by his friends, and lamented by the lovers of poetry, of wit, and of song.

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## POSTHUMOUS PIECES.

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## ERRATA.

P. 9. line 11. *for cheap, read cheep.*  
 P. 70. line 1. *dele fee.*  
 P. 16. line 3. *for orrow, read orro.*

# P O E M S

O N

## VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

### P A R T II.

#### O D E TO THE G O W D S P I N K.

FRAE fields where SPRING her sweets has  
blawn

Wi' caller verdure o'er the lawn,  
The GOWDSPINK comes in new attire,  
The brawest 'mang the whistling choir,  
That, 'ere the sun can clear his ein,  
Wi' glib notes fane the summer's green.

Sure NATURE herried mony a tree,  
For spraings and bonny spats to thee :  
Nae mair the *Rainbow* can impart  
Sic glowing ferlies o' her art,  
Whase pencil wrought its freaks at will  
On thee the sey-piece o' her skill:

A

Nae

Nae mair thro' *Straths* in simmer dight  
 We seek the *Rose* to bless our sight ;  
 Or bid the bonny wa'-flowers sprout  
 On yonder *Ruin*'s lofty snout.

Thy shining garments far outstrip  
 The cherries upo' *Hebe*'s lip,  
 And fool the tints that Nature chose  
 To bulk and paint the crimson rose.

'Mang man, wae's-heart ! we often find  
 The brawest drest want peace of mind,  
 While he that gangs wi' ragged coat  
 Is weel contentit wi' his lot.

Whan *Wand* wi' glewy birdlime's set,  
 To steal far aff your dautit mate,  
 Blyth wad ye change your cleething gay  
 In lieu of lav'rock's sober gray.

In vain thro' woods you fair may ban  
 The envious treachery of man,  
 That wi' your gowden glister ta'en,  
 Still hunts you on the simmer's plain,  
 And traps you 'mang the sudden fa's  
 O' winter's dreery dreepin' snaws.

Now steikit frae the gowany field,  
 Frae ilka fav'rite houff and bield,  
 But mergh, alas ! to disengage  
 Your bonny buik frae fettering cage,

Your

You'r free-born bosom beats in vain  
 For darling liberty again.  
 In WINDOW hung, how aft we see  
 Thee keek around at warblers free,  
 That carol saft, and sweetly sing  
 Wi' a' the blythness of the spring?  
 Like TANTALUS they hing you here  
 To spy the glories o' the year;  
 And tho' you're at the *burnie's* brink,  
 They douna suffer you to drink:

Ah, Liberty! thou bonny dame,  
 How wildly wanton is thy stream,  
 Round whilk the birdies a' rejoice,  
 An' hail you wi' a gratefu' voice.  
 The Gowdspink chatters joyous here,  
 And courts wi' gleesome sangs his peer:  
 The MAVIS frae the new-bloom'd thorn  
 Begins his *lauds* at earest morn;  
 And herd lowns louping o'er the grass,  
 Needs far less fleetching till his lass,  
 Than naughty damfels bred at courts,  
 Wha throw their mou's, and take the dorts:  
 But, reft of thee, fient flee we care,  
 For a' that life ahint can spare.  
 The Gowdspink, that fae lang has kend  
 Thy happy sweets (his wonted friend),

Her sad confinement ill can brook  
 In some dark chamber's dowy nook :  
 Tho' MARY's hand his nebb supplies,  
 Unkend to hunger's painfu' cries,  
 Ev'n beauty canna chear the heart  
 Frae life, frae liberty apart ;  
 For now we tyne its wonted lay,  
 Sae lightsome sweet, sae blythly gay.  
 Thus FORTUNE aft a curse can gie,  
 To wyle us far frae liberty ;  
 Then tent her syren smiles wha list,  
 I'll ne'er envy your GIRNEL's *grift* ;  
 For whan fair freedom smiles nae mair,  
 Care I for life ? Shame fa' the hair ;  
 A FIELD o'ergrown wi' rankest STUBBLE,  
 The essence of a paltry bubble.

## CALLER WATER.

WHAN father *Adie* first pat spade in  
 The bonny yeard of antient Eden,  
 His amry had nae liquor laid in  
 To fire his mou',  
 Nor did he thole his wife's upbraidin'  
 For being fou.

A' caller burn o' filler sheen,  
 Ran cannily out o'er the green,  
 And whan our gutcher's drouth had been  
     To bide right fair,  
 He loutit down and drānk bedeen  
     A' dainty skair.

His bairns a' before the flood  
 Had langer tack o' flesh and blood,  
 And on mair pithy shanks they stood  
     Than Noah's line,  
 Wha still hae been a feckless brood  
     Wi' drinking wine.

The fuddlin' Bardies now-a-days  
 Rin *maukin*-mad in Bacchus' praise,  
 And limp and stoiter thro' their lays  
     Anacreontic,  
 While each his sea of wine displays  
     As big's the Pontic.

My muse will no gang far frae hame,  
 Or scour a' airths to hound for fame ;  
 In troth the jillet ye might blame  
     For thinking on't,  
 Whan eithly she can find the theme

Of *aqua font.*

This is the name that doctors use  
 Their patients noddles to confuse;  
 Wi' *simples* clad in terms abstruse,  
 They labour still,  
 In kittle words to gar you roose  
 Their want o' skill.

But we'll hae nae sick clitter-clatter,  
 And briefly to expound the matter,  
 It shall be ca'd good *Caller Water*,  
 Than whilk, I trow,  
 Few drugs in doctors shops are better  
 For me or you.

Tho' joints are stiff as ony *rung*,  
 Your pith wi' pain be fairly dung,  
 Be you in *Caller Water* flung  
 Out o'er the lugs,  
 'Twill mak you souple, swack and young,  
 Withouten drugs.

Tho' cholic or the heart-scad teaze us,  
 Or ony inward pain should seize us,  
 It masters a' sic fell diseases  
 That would ye spulzie,  
 And brings them to a canay crisis  
 Wi' little tulzie.

Wer't

Wer't na for it the bonny lasses  
 Would glowr nae mair in keeking glasses,  
 And soon tine dint o' a' the graces  
 That aft conveen  
 In gleefu' looks and bonny faces,  
 To catch our ein.

The fairest then might die a maid,  
 And Cupid quit his shooting trade,  
 For wha thro' clarty *masquerade*  
 Could then discover,  
 Whether the featnres under shade  
 Were worth a lover?

As simmer rains bring simmer show'rs,  
 And leaves to cleed the *birken bow'rs*,  
 Sae beauty gets by *caller show'rs*,  
 Sae rich a bloom  
 As for *estate*, or *heavy dow'rs*  
 Aft stands in room.

What makes *Auld Reikie's* dames sae fair,  
 It canna be the halesome air,  
 But *caller burn* beyond compare,  
 The best of ony,  
 That gars them a' sic graces skair,  
 And blink sae bonny.

On

On *May-day* in a fairy ring,  
 We've seen them round *St Anthon's* spring,  
 Frae grafs the caller *dew-drops* wring  
     To weet their ein,  
 And water clear as crystal spring,  
     To synd them clean.

O may they still pursue the way  
 To look saefeat, sae clean, sae gay !  
 Than shall their beauties glance like *May*,  
     And, like her, be  
 The goddess of the vocal spray,  
     The Muse and me.

### THE SITTING OF THE SESSION.

**P**HOEBUS, fair cow'd wi' simmer's hight,  
 Cours near the YIRD wi' blinking light ;  
 Cauld shaw the haughs, nae mair bedight  
     Wi' simmer's claes,  
 They heeze the heart o' dowy wight  
     That thro' them gaes.

Weel

Weel loes me o' you, BUSINESS, now ;  
 For ye'll weet mony a drouthy mou',  
 That's lang a eisning gane for you,

Withouten fill

O' dribbles frae the gude brown cow,  
 Or Highland gill,

The COURT o' SESSION, weel wat I,  
 Pits ilk chiel's *whittle* i' the pye,  
 Can criesh the flaw-gaun wheels whan dry,  
 Till Session's done,  
 Tho' they'll gie mony a cheap and cry  
 Or twalt a June.

Ye benders a', that dwell in joot,  
 You'll tak your liquor clean cap out,  
 Synd your mouse-webs wi' reaming stout,  
 While ye hae cash,  
 And gar your cares a' tak the rout,  
 An' thumb ne'er fash.

ROB GIBB's grey gizz, new frizzl'd fine,  
 Will white as ony snaw-ba' shine ;  
 Weel does he loe the LAWEN coin  
 Whan doffied down,  
 For whisky gills or dribbs of wine  
 In cauld forenoon.

Bar-

Bar-keepers now, at OUTER DOOR,  
 Tak tent as fock gang back and fore ;  
 The fient ane there but pays his score,  
 Nane wins toll-free  
 Tho' ye've a CAUSE the house before,  
 Or agent be.

Gin ony here wi' CANKER knocks,  
 And has na louf'd his siller pocks,  
 Ye need na think to fleetch or cox ;  
 " Come shaw's your gear ;  
 " Ae scabbit yew spills twenty FLOCKS,  
 Ye's no be here."

Now at the door they'll raise a plea ;  
 Crack on, my lads !—for flyting's free ;  
 For gin ye shou'd tongue-tacket be,  
 The mair's the pity,  
 Whan scalding but and ben we see  
 PENDENTE LITE.

The LAWYER's *shelves*, and PRINTER's *presses*,  
 Grain unco fair wi' weighty cases ;  
 The *clerk* in toil his pleasure places,  
 To thrive bedeen ;  
 At five-hour's bell scribes shaw their faces,  
 And rake their ein.

The

The country flock to lawyers crook,  
 " Ah ! weels me on your bonny buik !  
 " The benmost part o' my kist nook  
 " I'll ripe for thee,  
 " And willing ware my hindmost rook  
 " For my decree."

But **LAW**'s a **DRAW-WELL** unco deep,  
 Withouten **RIM** flock out to keep ;  
 A donnart chiel, whan drunk, may dreep  
 Fu' fleely in,  
 But finds the gate baith *stay* and *steep*,  
 'Ere out he win.

*The RISING of the SESSION.*

**T**O a' men living be it kend,  
 The **SESSION** now is at an end :  
 Writers, your finger-nebbs unbend,  
 And quatt the pen,  
 Till *Time* wi' lyart pow shall send  
 Blythe June again.

Tir'd

Tir'd o' the law, and a' its phrases,  
 The wylie *writers*, rich as *Crœsus*,  
 Hurl frae the town in hackney chaises,

For country cheer :

The *powny* that in spring-time grazes,  
 Thrives a' the year.

Ye lawyers, bid fareweel to lies,  
 Fareweel to din, fareweel to fees,  
 The canny hours o' rest may please

Instead o' filler :

Hain'd *multer* hads the *mill* at ease,  
 And finds the *miller*.

Blythe they may be wha wanton play  
 In *fortune's* bonny blinkin ray,  
 Fu' weel can they ding dool away  
 Wi' comrades couthy,  
 And never dree a hunger'd day,  
 Or e'enning drouthy.

Onon the day for him that's laid,  
 In dowie *poortith's* caldrife shade,  
 Ablins o'er honest for his trade,  
 He racks his wits,  
 Ow he may get his buik weel clad,  
 And fill his guts.

The

The farmers sons, as yap as sparrows,  
 Are glad, I trow, to flee the barras,  
 And whistle to the plough and harrows

At barley feed :

What writer wadna gang as far as

He cou'd for bread?

After their yokin, I wat weel  
 They'll stoo the kebbuck to the heel ;  
 Eith can the plough-stilts gar a chiel

Be unco vogie,

Clean to lick aff his crowdy-meal,  
 And scart his *cogie*,

Now mony a fallow's dung adrift  
 To a' the blasts beneath the lift,  
 And tho' their stamack's aft in tift  
 In vacance time,

Yet seenil do they ken the rift  
 O' stappit weym.

Now gin a *Notar* shou'd be wanted,  
 You'll find the *pillars* gayly planted ;  
 For little thing *protests* are granted  
 Upo' a bill,

And weightiest matters covenanted  
 For half a gill.

Nae body tak's a morning dribb  
 O' Holland gin frae Robin Gibb;  
 And tho' a dram to Rob's mair sib  
 Than is his wife,  
 He maun tak time to daut his Rib  
 Till filler's rife.

This vacance is a heavy doom  
 On Indian Peter's coffee-room,  
 For a' his china pigs are toom;  
 Nor do we see  
 In wine the sucker biskets soom  
 As light's a flee.

But stop, my Muse, nor mak a main,  
 Pate disna fend on that alone;  
 He can fell twa dogs wi' ae bane,  
 While ither flock  
 Maun rest themselves content wi' ane,  
 Nor farer trock.

Ye change-house keepers never grumble,  
 Tho' you a while your bickers whumble,  
 Be unco patientfu' and humble,  
 Nor mak a din,  
 Tho' gude joot binna kend to rumble  
 Your weym within.

You

You needna grudge to draw your breath  
 For little mair than half a reath,  
 Than, gin we a' be spar'd frae death,  
 We'll gladly prie  
 Fresh noggans o' your reaming graith  
 Wi' blythsome glee.

## L E I T H R A C E S.

## I.

IN JULY month, ae bonny morn,  
 Whan Nature's rokelay green  
 Was spread o'er ilka rigg o' corn  
 To charm our roving een ;  
 Glouring about I saw a quean,  
 The fairest 'neath the lift ;  
 Her *een* were o' the filler sheen,  
 Her *skin* like snawy drift,  
 Sae white that day.

## II.

Quod she, " I ferly unco fair,  
 " That ye sud musand gae,  
 " Ye wha hae fung o' HALLOW-FAIR,  
 " Her winter's pranks and play :

“ Whan on LEITH-SANDS the racers rare,

“ Wi’ Jocky louns are met,

“ Their orrow pennies there to ware,

“ And drown themsel’s in debt

“ Fu’ deep that day.”

### III.

An’ wha are ye, my winsome dear,

That takes the gate fae early?

Whare do ye win, gin ane may spear,

For I right meikle ferly,

That sick braw buskit laughing lass

Thir bonny blinks shou’d gie,

An’ leup like *Hebe* o’er the grass,

As wanton and as free

Frae dule this day?

### IV.

“ I dwell amang the caller springs

“ That weet the *Land o’ Cakes*,

“ And aften tune my canty strings

“ At bridals and late-wakes;

“ They ca’ me *Mirth*; I ne’er was kend

“ To grumble or look sour,

“ But blyth wad be a lift to lend,

“ Gif ye wad tey my pow’r

“ An’ pith this day.”

## V.

A bargain be't, and, by my feggs,  
 Gif ye will be my mate,  
 Wi' you I'll screw the cheery pegs ;  
 Ye shanna find me blate ;  
 We'll reel an' ramble thro' the fands,  
 And jeer wi' a' we meet ;  
 Nor hip the daft and gleesome bands  
 That fill EDINA's street  
 Sae thrang this day.

## VI.

Ere servant maids had wont to rise  
 To seeth the breakfast kettle,  
 Ilk dame her brawest ribbons tries,  
 To put her on her mettle,  
 Wi' wiles some silly chiel to trap  
 (And troth he's fain to get her,)  
 But she'll craw kniefly in his crap,  
 Whan, wow ! he canna flit her  
 Frae hame that day.

## VII.

Now mony a scaw'd and bare-ars'd lown  
 Rise early to their wark,  
 Enough to fley a muckle town,  
 Wi' dinsome squeel and bark ;

" Here is the true an' faithfu' list  
 " O' Noblemen and Horses ;  
 " Their eild, their weight, their height, their grist,  
 " That sin for *Plates* or *Purses*  
 " Fu' fleet this day."

## VIII.

To *Whisky Plooks* that brunt for wooks  
 On town-guard soldiers faces,  
 Their barber bauld his whittle crooks,  
 An' scrapes them for the races :  
 Their *Stumps*, erst us'd to *Filipegs*,  
 Are dight in spatterdashes,  
 Whase barkent hides scarce fend their legs  
 Frae weet and weary plashes  
 O' dirt that day.

## IX.

" Come, hase a care (the captain cries),  
 " On guns your bagnets throw ;  
 " Now mind your manual exercise,  
 " An' marsh down raw by raw."  
 And as they march he'll glowr about,  
 'Tent a' their cuts and scars :  
 Mang them fell mony a gauly snout  
 Has gusht in birth-day wars,  
 Wi' blude that day.

## X.

## X.

Her *Nanesel* maun be carefu' now,  
 Nor man she be misleard,  
 Sin baxter lads hae seal'd a vow  
 To skelp and clout the guard ;  
 I'm sure *Auld Reikie* kens o' nane  
 That wou'd be sorry at it,  
 Tho' they should dearly pay the kane,  
 An' get their tails weel sautit  
 And fair thir days.

## XI.

The tinkler billies i' the *Bow*  
 Are now leſs eidant clinking,  
 As lang's their pith or filler dow,  
 They're daffin', and they're dinking,  
 Bedown *Leith-walk* what burrochs reel  
 O' ilka trade and station,  
 That gar their wives an' childer feel  
 Toom weyms for their libation  
 O' drink thir days.

## XII.

The browster wives thegither harl  
 A' trash that they can fa' on ;  
 They rake the grounds o' ilka barrel,  
 To profit by the lawen :

For

For weel wat they a skin leal het  
 For drinking needs nae hire ;  
 At drumbly gear they take nae pet ;  
 Foul water flockens *fre*

And dreouth thir days,

XIII.

They say, ill ale has been the deid  
 O' mony a beirdly lown ;  
 Then dinna gape like gleds wi' greed  
 To fweel hail bickers down ;  
 Gin Lord send mony ane the morn,  
 They'll ban fu' fair the time  
 That e'er they toutit aff the horn,  
 Which wambles thro' their weym  
 Wi' pain that day.

XIV.

The Buchan bodies thro' the beech  
 Their bunch of *Findrums* cry,  
 An' skirl out baul', in Norland speech,  
 " Guid speldings, fa will buy."  
 An', by my faul, they're nae wrang gear  
 To gust a stirrah's mow ;  
 Weel staw'd wi' them, he'll never spear  
 The price o' being fu'

Wi' drink that day.

XV.

## XV.

Now wyl wights at *Rowly Powl*,  
 An' flingin' o' the *Dice*,  
 Here brake the banes o' mony a soul  
 Wi' fa's upo' the ice :  
 At first the gate seems fair an' straught,  
 So they had fairly till her ;  
 But wow ! in spite o' a' their maught,  
 They're rookit o' their filler  
 An' goud that day.

## XVI.

Around where'er ye fling your een,  
 The *Haiks* like wind are scourin' ;  
 Some chaises honest folk contain,  
 An' some hae mony a *Whore* in ;  
 Wi' rose and lilly, red and white,  
 They gie themselves sic fit airs,  
 Like *DIAN*, they will seem perfite ;  
 But its nae goud that glitter  
 Wi' them thir days.

## XVII.

The *LYON* here, wi' open paw,  
 May cleek in monny hunder,  
 Wha geck at *SCOTLAND* and her law,  
 His wyl talons under ;

For

For ken, tho' JAMIE's laws are auld,

(Thanks to the wife recorder!)

His Lyon yet roars loud and bauld,

To had the Whigs in order

Sae prime this day.

### XVIII.

To town-guard DRUM of clangor clear,

Baith men and steeds are raingit;

Some liveries red or yellow wear,

And some are tartan spraingit:

And now the red, the blue e'en-now

Bids fairest for the market;

But, 'ere the sport be done, I trow

Their skins are gayly yarkit

And peel'd thir days.

### XIX.

Siclike in ROBINHOOD debates,

Whan twa chielis hae a pingle;

E'en-now some couli gets his aits,

An' dirt wi' words they mingle,

Till up loups he, wi' diction fu',

There's lang and dreech contesting;

For now they're near the point in view;

Now ten miles frae the question

In hand that night.

## XX.

The races o'er, they hale the dools  
 Wi' drink o' a kin-kind ;  
 Great feck gae hirpling hame like fools,  
 The cripple lead the blind.  
 May ne'er the canker o' the drink  
 E'er make our spirits thrawart,  
 'Cuse we git wharewitha' to wink  
 Wi' een as blue's a blawart  
 Wi' straiks thir days !

## The FARMER'S INGLE.

*Et multo in primis hilarans convivia Baccho,  
 Ante focum, si frigus erit.* VIRG. BUC.

## I.

WHAN gloming grey out o'er the welkin  
 keeks,  
 Whan *Batie* ca's his owsen to the byre,  
 Whan *Thrasher John*, fair dung, his barn-door  
 steeks,  
 And lusty lasses at the dighting tire :  
 What bangs fu' leal the e'enings coming cauld,  
 And gars snaw-tapit winter freeze in vain ;  
 Gars dowie mortals look baith blyth and bauld,  
 Nor fly'd wi' a' the poortith o' the plain ;  
 Begin, my Muse, and chant in hamely strain.

## II.

## II.

Frae the big stack, weel winnow't on the hill,  
 Wi' *divets* theekit frae the weet and drift,  
*Sods*, *peats*, and *heath'ry turfs* the chimley fill,  
 And gar their thick'ning *smeek* salute the lift;  
 The *gudeman*, new come hame, is blyth to find,  
 Whan he out o'er the *halland* flings his een,  
 That ilka turn is handled to his mind,  
 That a' his housie looks fae cosh and clean;  
 For cleanly house loes he, tho' e'er fae meane.

## III.

Weel kens the *gudewife* that the pleughs require  
 A heartsome *meltith*, and refreshing synd  
 O' nappy liquor, o'er a bleezing fire:  
 Sair wark and poortith douna weel be join'd,  
 Wi' butter'd *bannocks* now the *girdle* reeks;  
 I' the far nook the *bowie* briskly reams;  
 The readied *kail* stand by the chimley cheeks,  
 And had the riggin het wi' welcome streams;  
 Whilk than the daintiest kitchen nicer seems.

## IV.

Frae this lat gentler gabs a lesson lear;  
 Wad they to labouring lend an eidant hand,  
 They'd rax fell strang upo' the simplest fare,  
 Nor find their *stamacks* ever at a stand.

Fu' hale and healthy wad they pass the day,  
 At night in calmest slumbers dosē fu' sound,  
 Nor doctor need their weary life to spae,  
 Nor drogs their noddle and their sene confound,  
 Till death slip fleely on, and gie the hindmost  
 wound.

## V.

On sicken food has mony a doughty deed  
 By Caledonia's ancestors been done ;  
 By this did mony wight fu' weirlike bleed  
 In *brulzies* frae the dawn to set o' sun ;  
 'Twas this that brac'd their *gardies*, stiff and strang,  
 That bent the deidly yew in antient days,  
 Laid Denmark's daring sons on yird alang,  
 Gar'd Scottish *thristles* bang the Roman *bays* ;  
 For near our *crest* their heads they dought na  
 raise.

## VI.

The couthy cracks begin whan supper's o'er,  
 The cheering *bicker* gars them glibly gash  
 O' summer's showery *blinks* and winters four,  
 Whase floods did erst their mailins produce hash :  
 'Bout *kirk* and *market* eke their tales gae on,  
 How *Jock* woo'd *Jenny* here to be his bride,  
 And there how *Marion*, for a bastard son,  
 Upo' the *cutty-stool* was forc'd to ride,  
 The waefu' scald o' our *Mess John* to bide.

## VII.

The fient a chiep's amang the barnies now ;  
 For a' their anger's wi' their hunger gane :  
 Ay maun the childer, wi' a fastin mou',  
 Grumble and greet, and make an unco mane,  
 In rangles round before the ingle's low :  
 Frae *gudame*'s mouth auld wold tale they hear,  
 O' *Warlocks* louping round the *Wirrikow*,  
 O' ghaists that win in glen and kirk-yard drear,  
 Whilk touzles a' their tap, and gars them shak  
 wi' fear.

## VIII.

For weel she trows that fiends and fairies be  
 Sent frae the de'il to fleetch us to our ill ;  
 That ky hae tint their milk wi' evil eie,  
 And corn been scowder'd on the glowing kill.  
 O mock na this, my friends ! but rather mourn,  
 Ye in life's brawest spring wi' reason clear,  
 Wi' eild our idle fancies a' return,  
 And dim our dolefu' days wi' bairnly fear ;  
 The mind's ay *cradled* whan the *grave* is near.

## IV.

Yet *thrift*, industrious, bides her latest days,  
 Tho' age here fair dow'd front wi' runcles wave,  
 Yet frae the rufset lap the *spindle* plays,  
 Her e'enin stent reels she as weel's the lave.

On

On some feast-day, the *wee-things* buskit braw  
 Shall heeze her heart up wi' a silent joy,  
 Fu' cadgie that her head was up and saw  
 Her ain spun cleething on a darling oy,  
 Careless tho' death shou'd make the feast her  
 foy.

## X.

In its auld *lerroch* yet the *deas* remain,  
 Whare the gudeman aft streeks him at his ease,  
 A warm and canny lean for weary banes  
 O' lab'ers doil'd upo' the wintry leas :  
 Round him will *badrins* and the *colly* come,  
 To wag their tail, and cast a thankfu' eie  
 To him who kindly flings them mony a crum  
 O' kebbock whang'd, and dainty fadge to prie ;  
 This a' the boon they crave, and a' the fee.

## XI.

Frae him the *lads* their morning counsel tak,  
 What stacks he wants to thrash, what rigs to  
 till ;  
 How big a birn maun lie on *baffie's* back,  
 For meal and multure to the *thirling mill*.  
 Niest the gudewife her hireling damsels bids  
 Glour thro' the byre, and see the hawkies bound,  
 Take tent case *Crummy* tak her wonted tids,  
 And ca' the laiglen's treasure on the ground,  
 Whilk spills a *kebbuck* nice, or yellow *pound*.

## XII.

Then a' the house for sleep begin to grien,  
 Their joints to slack frae industry a while ;  
 The leaden God fa's heavy on their ein,  
 And haflins steeks them frae their daily toil :  
 The cruizy too can only blink and bleer,  
 The restit ingle's done the maist it dow ;  
 Tacksman and cottar eke to bed maun steer,  
 Upo' the cod to clear their drumly pow,  
 Till wauken'd by the dawning's ruddy glow.

## XIII.

Peace to the husbandman and a' his tribu,  
 Whase care fells a' our wants frae year to  
 year ;  
 Lang may his sock and couter turn the gleyb,  
 And bauks o' corn bend down wi' laded ear.  
 May SCOTIA's sunmers ay look gay and green,  
 Her yellow har'sts frae scowry blasts decreed ;  
 May a' her tenants sit fu' snug and bien,  
 Frae the hard grip of ails and poortith freed,  
 And a lang lasting train o' peaceful hours suc-  
 ceed.

THE

## THE ELECTION.

*Nunc est bibendum, et bendarum BICKERUM magnum;  
Cavete TOWN-GUARDUM, D—l G—dd—m  
atque C—pb—m.*

## I.

**R**EJOICE, ye BURGHERS, ane an' a',  
Lang look't for's come at laſt;  
Sair war your backs held to the wa'  
Wi' poortith an' wi' fast:  
Now ye may clap your wings an' crāw,  
And gayly busk ilk' feather,  
For Deacon Cocks hae paſſ'd a law  
To rax an' weet your leather  
Wi' drink thir days.

## II.

Haste Epps, quo John, an' bring my gezz!  
Take tent ye dinna't fpulzie:  
Last night the barber gae't a frizz,  
An' straikit it wi' ulzie.  
Hae done your paritch, lassie Lizz,  
Gie me my fark an' gravat;  
I'ſe be as braw's the Deacon is  
Whan he takſ *Affidavit*

O' Faith the day.

## III.

Whar's *Johnny* gaun, cries neebour *Bess*,

That he's sae gayly bodin

Wi' new kam'd wig, weel syndet face,

Silk hose, for hamely hodin?

“ Our *Johnny*'s nae sma' drink you'll guës,

“ He's trig as ony muir-cock,

“ An' forth to mak a Deacon, laſs;

“ He downa speak to poor fock

“ Like us the day.”

## IV.

The *coat* ben-by i' the kist-nook,

That's been this towmonth swarming,

Is brought yence mair thereout to look,

To fleg awa the vermin;

Menzies o' *Moths* an' *Flaes* are shook,

An' i' the floor they howder,

Till in a birn beneath the crook

They're singit wi' a scowder

To death that day.

## V.

The canty cobler quats his sta',

His *Rozet* an' his *Lingans*;

His buik has dree'd a fair, fair fa'

Frae meals o' bread an' ingans:

Now

Now he's a pow o' wit an' law,  
 An' taunts at foals an' heels ;  
 To *Walker's* he can rin awa,  
 There whang his *creams* an' *jeels*  
 Wi' life that day.

## VI.

The lads in order tak their seat,  
 (The de'il may claw the clungest !)  
 They stegh an' connach sae the meat,  
 Their teeth mak mair than tongue haste ;  
 Their *claes* sae cleanly dight an'feat,  
 An' eke their craw-black *beavers*,  
 Like *masters* mows hae found the gate  
 To tassels teugh wi slavers  
 Fu' lang that day.

## VII.

The dinner done, for brandy strang  
 They cry, to weet their thrapple,  
 To gar the stamack bide the bang,  
 Nor wi' its laden grapple.  
 The grace is said—its nae o'er lang ;  
 The claret reams in bells ;  
 Quod *Deacon* let the toast round gang,  
 " Come, here's our *Noble sel's*  
 Weel met the day."

## VIII.

## VII.

Weels me o' drink, quo' *cooper* Will,  
 My *barrel* has been geyz'd ay,  
 An' has na gotten sic a fill  
 Sin fu' on handsel-Teysday :  
 But makes-na, now it's got a sween,  
 Ae gird I shanna cast lad,  
 Or else I wish the horned de'il  
 May *Will* wi' kittle cast dad  
 To h—ll the day.

## IX.

The *Magistrates* fu' wly are,  
 Their lamps are gayly blinking,  
 But they might as leive burn elsewhere,  
 Whan fock's *blind* fu' wi' drinking.  
 Our *Deacon* wadna ca' a chair,  
 The foul ane durst him na-say ;  
 He took *shanks-naig*, but, fient may care !  
 He *arslins* kis'd the causey  
 Wi' *bir* that night.

## X.

Weel-loes me o' you, fouter *Jock*,  
 For tricks ye buit be trying,  
 Whan greapin for his ain bed-stock,  
 He fa's whare *Will's* wife's lying,

Will

Will coming hame wi' ither flock,  
 He saw *Jock* there before him ;  
 Wi' *Master Laiglen* like a brock  
 He did wi' stink maist smore him  
 Fu' strang that night.

## XI.

Then wi' a' couple leatherne whang  
 He gart them fidge and girm ay,  
 " Faith, Chiel, ye's no for naething gang  
 " Gin ye man reel my pirny."  
 Syne wi' a muckle alshin lang  
 He brodit *Maggie's* hurdies ;  
 An' cause he thought her i' the wrang,  
 There pass'd nae bonny wordies  
 'Mang them that night.

## XII.

Now, had some laird his lady fand  
 In sic unseemly courses,  
 It might hae loos'd the haly band,  
 Wi' law-suits an' *Divorces* :  
 But the niest day they a' thook hands,  
 And ilka *crack* did sowder,  
 While *Megg* for drink her apron pawns,  
 For a' the gude-man cow'd her  
 Whan fu' last night.

## XIII.

## XIII.

Glowr round the cawsey, up an' down,  
 What mobbing and what plotting !  
 Here politicians bribe a loun  
 Against his faul for voting.  
 The gowd that inlakes half a crown  
 Thir blades lug out to try them,  
 They pouch the gowd, nor fash the town  
 For weights an' scales to weigh them  
 Exact that day.

## XIV.

Then *Deacons* at the counsel stent  
 To get themsel's presentit :  
 For towmonths twa their faul is lent,  
 For the town's gude indentit :  
 Lang's their debating thereanent ;  
 About *Protests* they're bauthrin,  
 While *Sandy Fife*, to make content,  
 On *Bells* plays *Clout the Caudron*  
 To them that day.

## XV.

Ye lowns that troke in doctor's stuff,  
 You'll now hae unco plaisters ;  
 Whan windy blaws their *Stamacks* puff,  
 They'll need baith pills an' plaisters ;

For

For tho' e'en-now they look right bluff,  
 Sic drinks, 'ere *Hillocks* meet,  
 Will hap some Deacons in a truff,  
 Inrow'd in the lang leet  
 O' death yon night.

## TO THE TRON-KIRK BELL

WANWORDY, crazy, dinsome thing,  
 As e'er was fram'd to jow or ring,  
 What gar'd them sic in steeple hing  
 They ken themsel',  
 But weel wat I they coudna bring  
 War sounds frae hell.

What de'il are ye? that I shou'd bann,  
 Your neither kin to pat nor pan;  
 Nor *uly pig*, nor *maister-cann*  
 But weel may gie  
 Mair pleasure to the ear o' man  
 Than stroke o' thee.

*Fleece merchants* may look bald, I trow,  
 Sin a' *Auld Reikie's* childer now  
 Maun stap their lugs wi' teats o' woo,  
 Thy sound to bang,  
 And keep it frae gawn thro' and thro'  
 Wi' jarrin' twang.

Your

Your noisy tongue, there's nae abideint,  
 Like scalding wife's, there is nae guideint :  
 Whan I'm 'bout ony bus'ness eident,

It's fair to thole ;  
 To deave me, than, ye tak a pride in't  
 Wi' senseless knoll.

O ! war I provost o' the town,  
 I swear by a' the pow'rs aboon,  
 I'd bring ye wi' a reeble down ;

Nor shud you think  
 (Sae fair I'd crack and clour your crown)  
 Again to clink.

For whan I've toom'd the meikle cap,  
 An' fain wad fa' owr in a nap,  
 Troth I cou'd doze as soun's a tap,  
 Wer't na for thee  
 That gies the tither weary chap  
 To wauken me.

I dreamt ae night I saw Auld Nick ;  
 Quo' he, " This bell o' mine's a trick,  
 " A wylie piece o' politic,  
 " A cunnin snare  
 " To trap fock in a cloven stick,  
 " 'Ere they're aware.  
 " As

“ As lang’s my dautit bell hings there,

“ A’ body at the kirk will skair;

“ Quo they, gif he that preaches there

“ Like it can wound,

“ We douna care a single hair

“ For joyfu’ sound.”

If magistrates wi’ me wud ‘gree,

For ay *tongue-tackit* shud you be,

Nor fleg wi’ *antimelody*

Sic honest flock,

Whase lugs were never made to dree

Thy doolfu’ shock.

But far frae thee the *bailies* dwell,

Or they wud scunner at your knell,

Gie the *soul thief* his riven bell,

And than, I trow,

The by-word hads, “ the de’il himsel’

“ Has got his due.”

### MUTUAL COMPLAINT OF PLAINSTANES

and CAUSEY, in their Mother-tongue.

SINCE Merlin laid Auld Reikie’s causey,

And made her o’ his wark right saucy,

The spacious *street* and *plainstanes*

Were never kend to crack but anes,

D

Whilk

Whilk happened on the hinder night,  
 Whan *Fraser's* ulla tint its light,  
 C' Highland sentries nane were waukin,  
 To hear their cronies glibbly taukin ;  
 For them this wonder might hae rotten,  
 And, like *night robb'ry*, been forgotten,  
 Had na' a cadie, wi' his lantron,  
 Been gleg enough to hear them bant'rin,  
 Wha came to me neist morning early,  
 To gi'e me tidings o' this ferly.

Ye taunting lowns trow this nae joke,  
 For anes the as's of Balaam spoke,  
 Better than lawyers do, forsooth,  
 For it spake naething but the truth !  
 Whether they follow its example,  
 You'll ken best whan you hear the sample.

### P L A I N S T A N E S.

My friend, thir hunder years and mair,  
 We've been forfoughen late and air,  
 In sun-shine, and in weety weather,  
 Our thrawart lot we bure thegither.  
 I never growl'd, but was content  
 Whan ilk ane had an equal stent,  
 But now to flyte I'fe e'en be bauld,  
 Whan I'm wi' sic a grievance thrall'd.

How

How haps it, say, that mealy bakers,  
 Hair-kaimers, criely gezy-makers,  
 Shou'd a' get leave to waste their powders  
 Upo' my beaux and ladies shoulders? or  
 My travellers are fley'd to deid  
 Wi' creels wanchancy, heap'd wi' bread,  
 Frae whilk hing down uncanny nicksticks,  
 That aften gie the maidens sic licks,  
 As make them blyth to skreen their faces,  
 Wi' hats and muckle maut *bon-graces*,  
 And cheat the lads that fain wad fee  
 The glances o' a pauky eie,  
 Or gie thir loves a wylie wink,  
 That erst might lend their hearts a clink!  
 Speak, was I made to dree the ladin,  
 O' Gallic chairman heavy treadin,  
 Wha in my tender buke bore holes  
 Wi' waefu' tuckets i' the foals  
 O' broggs, whilk off my body tramp,  
 And wound like death at ilka clamp?

## C A U S E Y.

Weil crackit friend—It aft hads true,  
 Wi' naething fock make maist ado;  
 Weel ken ye, tho' ye doughtna tell,  
 I pay the fairest kain myself;

Owr me ilk day big waggons rumble,  
 And a' my fabric birze and jumble ;  
 Owr me the muckle horses gallop,  
 Eneugh to rug my very faul up ;  
 And coachmen never trow they're finning,  
 While down the street their wheels are spinning.  
 Like thee, do I not bide the brunt  
 O' Highland chairman's heavy dunt ?  
 Yet I hae never thought o' breathing  
 Complaint, or making din for naething.

## P L A I N S T A N E S.

Had fae, and lat me get a word in,  
 Your back's best fitted for the burden ;  
 And I can eithly tell you why,  
 Ye're doughtier by far than I ;  
 For whin-stanes, howkit frae the craigs,  
 May thole the prancing feet of naigs,  
 Nor ever fear uncanny hotches  
 Frae clumsy carts or hackney-coaches,  
 While I, a weak and feckless creature,  
 Am moulded by a safter nature.  
 Wi' mason's chissel dighted neat,  
 To gar me look baith clean andfeat,  
 I scarce can bear a fairer thump  
 Than comes frae sole of shoe or pump.

I grant, indeed, that, now and than, I did mock  
 Yield to a paten's pith I mair; angry & sulky  
 But patens, tho' they're aften plenty, old to 'em  
 Are ay laid down wi' feet falterin' at the bairns  
 And stroaks frae ladies, tho' they're teasing, in the w  
 I freely maun avow are pleasing.

For what use was I made, I wonder, gr'od T  
 It was na tamely to chap under the bairns  
 The weight o' ilka codroch chiel, smelting A  
 That does my skin to targets peel; the bairns and T  
 But gin I guess aright, my trade is two and rooy Y  
 To fend frae skaith the bonny ladies, the bairns to 'em  
 To keep the bairnies free frae harms, oy 'n rooy  
 Whan airing in their nurses arms, o' life smoo  
 To be a safe and canny bield oy 'n rooy  
 For growing youth or drooping eild. the bairns A

Take then frae me the heavy load. the bairns T  
 O' burden-bearers heavy thod, lestard o' life O  
 Or, by my troth, the gude auld town shall the bairns to 'em  
 Hae this affair before their council, the bairns Y

### C A U S E Y. I

I dinna care a single jot, oy 'n rooy  
 Tho' sumon'd by a thelly-coat, the bairns o' life  
 Sae leally I'll propone defences, the bairns to 'em  
 As get ye flung for my expences; the bairns W

Your libel I'll impugn *verbatim*,  
 And hae a *magnum damnum datum*,  
 For tho' frae *Arthur's seat* I sprang,  
 And am in *constitution strange*,  
 Wade it not *fret the hardest stane*,  
 Beneath the *Luckenbooths* to grane?  
 Tho' magistrates the *Cross* discard,  
 It makes na when they leave the *Guard*,  
 A lumbersome and stinkin bigging,  
 That rides the fairest on my rigging,  
 Poor me owr meikle do ye blame,  
 For tradesmen tramping on your wame,  
 Yet a' your advocates and braw fock  
 Come still to me 'twixt ane and twa' clock,  
 And never yet were kend to range  
 At *Charlie's Statue or Exchange*.  
 Then tak your beaux and macaronies,  
 Gie me trades-fock and country Johnnies;  
 The deil's in't gin ye dinna sign  
 Your sentiments conjunct wi' mine.

## PLAINS TANCES.

Gin we twa cou'd be as *auld-farrant*,  
 As gar the council gie a warrant,  
 Illk lown rebellious to tak,  
 Wha walks not in the proper track,

And

And o' three shillings Scottish fuck him,  
 Or in the water-hole fair douk him,  
 This might assist the poor's collection,  
 And gie baith parties satisfaction.

But first, I think it will be good  
 To bring it to the *Robinhood*\*,  
 Whare we shall hae the question stated,  
 And keen and crabbithy debated,  
 Whether the provost and the baillies,  
 For the town's guide whase daily toil is,  
 Shou'd listen to our joint petitions,  
 And see obtemper'd the conditions.

### PLAINSTANCES.

Content am I—But east the gate is  
 The sun, wha takis his leave of *Thetis*,  
 And comes to wauken honest fock,  
 That gang to wark at fax o'clock;  
 It sets us to be dumb a while,  
 And let our words gie place to toil.

\* A new instituted society, then held weekly in the  
 Thistle Lodge, but which now goes under the name of  
 the PANTHEON, and meets occasionally in *Mary's*  
 Chapel, where the grand concerns of the nation are  
 debated by a set of juvenile Cicero's.

A DRINK-ELOGUE,  
LANDLADY, BRANDY, and WHISKY.

ON auld worm-eaten shelf, in cellar dunk,  
Whare hearty benders synd their drouthy  
trunk,  
Twa chappin bottles, pang'd wi' liquor fu',  
BRANDY the tane, the tither WHISKY blue,  
Grew canker'd; for the twa ware het within,  
An' het-skin'd fock to flyting soon begin :  
The FRENCHMAN fizz'd, and first wad foot the  
field,  
While gaughty SCOTSMAN scorn'd to beenge ot  
yield.

BRANDY.  
Black be your fa! ye cottar loun mislear'd,  
Blawn by the Porters, Chairmen, City-Guard;  
Hae ye nae breeding, that you cock your nose  
Against my sweetly gusted cordial dose.  
I've been near pauky courts, and aften there  
Hae ca'd hystericks frae the dowy fair;  
And courtiers ast gaed greening for my smack,  
To gar them bauldly glour, and gashly crack;  
The priest, to bang mishauners black, and cares,  
Has sought me in his closet for his prayers.  
What

What tig then takes the fates, that they can thole,  
 Thrawart to fix me in this weary hole,  
 Sair fash'd wi' din, wi' darkness, and wi' stinks,  
 Whare cheery day-light tho' the mirk ne'er blinks.

## W H I S K Y.

But ye maun be content, and mauna' rue,  
 Tho' erst ye've bizz'd in bonny madam's mou';  
 Wi' thoughts like thae your heart may fairly dunt;  
 The world's now chang'd, its nae like use and went;  
 For here, wae's me! there's nouther lord nor laird  
 Come to get heartscad frae their stamack skair'd;  
 Nae mair your courtier louns will shaw their face,  
 For they glowl' airy at a friend's disgrace;  
 But heeze your heart up—Whan at court you hear  
 The patriot's *thrapple* wat wi' reaming been;  
 Whan *chairman*, weary wi' his daily gain,  
 Can synd his *whistle* wi' the clear *Champaign*;  
 Be hopefu', for the time will soon row round,  
 Whan you'll nae langer dwell beneath the ground.

## B R A N D Y.

Wanwordy gowk! did I sae aften shine  
 Wi' gowdin' glister thro' the chrystal fine,  
 To thole your taunts, that seenil hae been seen  
 Awa' frae luggie, quegh, or trancher treain;

2. *comes you muckle never nae root ye'll pull* Gif

*diminW*

Gif honour wad but lat, a *challenge* shou'd  
 Twin ye o' Highland *tongue* and Highland *blude* ;  
 Wi' cairds like thee I scorn to file my thumb,  
 For gentle spirits gentle breeding doom.

## W H I S K Y.

Truly I think it right you get your alms,  
 Your high heart humbled amang common drams :  
 Braw days for you, whan fools newfangle fain,  
 Like ither countries better than their ain,  
 For thare ye' never saw sic chaney days,  
 Sic balls, assemblies, operas, or plays :  
 Hame o'er langsyne you ha'e been blyth to pack  
 Your a' upon a *farkless* soldier's back ;  
 For you thir lads, as weellear'd trav'lers tell,  
 Had sell'd their *sarks*, gin *sarks* they'd had to sell.

But 'woreth gets' poortith an' black burning  
 Shame, to dravent and drivell out a life at hame.  
 Alake ! the byword's o'er weel kend throughout,  
 " Prophets at hame are held in nae repute ;"  
 Sae fair'st wi' me, tho' I can heat the skin,  
 And set the saul upon a merry pin,  
 Yet I am hameil, there's the sour mischance !  
 I'm not frae Turkey, Italy, or France ;  
 For now our gentles gabbs are grown sae nice,  
 At thee they toot, an never spear my price :

Witness

Witness—for thee they hight their tenants rent,  
And fill their lands wi' poortith, discontent ;  
Gar them o'er seas for cheaper mailins hunt,  
An' leave their ain as bare's the Cairn-o'mount.

## B R A N D Y.

Tho' lairds take toothfu's o' my warming sap,  
This dwines nor tenants gear, nor cows their crap :  
For love to you, there's mony a tenant gaes  
Bare-ars'd and barefoot o'er the Highland braes :  
For you nae mair the thrifty gudewife sees  
Her lasses kirn, or birze the dainty cheese ;  
*Crummie* nae mair for Jenny's hand will crune  
Wi' milkness dreeping frae her teats adown :  
For yeu o'er ear the ox his fate partakes,  
And fa's a victim to the bludy aix.

## W H I S K Y.

Wha is't that gars the greedy Bankers prieve  
The *Maiden's* *tocher*, but the *Maiden's* leave :  
By you when spulzied o' her charming pose,  
She tholes in turn the taunt o' cauldrije joes ;  
Wi' skelps like this flock fit but seenil down  
To wether-gammond or how-towdy brown ;  
Sair dung wi' dule, and fley'd for coming debt,  
They gar their *mou'-bits* wi' their *incomes* mett,

Content

Content eneugh gif they hae wherewithal  
Scrimply to tack their body and their saul.

## B R A N D Y.

Frae some poor poet, o'er as poor a pot,  
Ye've lear'd to crack sae crouse, ye haveril Scot!  
Or burgher politician, that embrues  
His tongue in thee, and reads the claiting news;  
But waes heart for you! that for ay maun dwell  
In poet's garret, or in chairman's cell,  
While I shall yet on bien-clad tables stand,  
Bouden wi' a' the daintiths o' the land.

## W H I S K Y.

Troth I hae been 'ere now the poet's flame,  
And heez'd his sangs to mony blythsome theme,  
Wha was't gar'd ALLIE's *chaunter* chirm fu' clear,  
Life to the saul, and music to the ear:  
Nae stream but kens, and can repeat the lay  
To shepherds streekit on the simmer brae,  
Wha to their *whistle* wi' the lav'rock bang,  
To wauken flocks the rural fields amang.

## B R A N D Y.

But here's the brouster-wife, and she can tell  
Wha's win the day, and wha shou'd wear the bell:

Hae

Hae done your din, an' lat her judgment join  
In final verdict 'twixt your pley and mine.

L A N D L A D Y.

In days o' yore I cou'd my living prize,  
Nor faulh'd wi' dolefu' gaugers or excise;  
But now-a-days we're blyth to lear the thirst  
Our head's 'boon licence and excise to lift:  
Inlakes o' BRANDY we can soon supply  
By WHISKY tinctur'd wi' the saffron's dye:

Will you your breeding threep, ye mongrel loun?  
Frae hame-bred liquor dy'd to colour brown?  
So flunkie braw, whan drest in master's elaise,  
Struts to Auld Reikie's cross on sunny days,  
Till some auld comrade, ablins out o' place,  
Near the vain upstart shaws his meagre face;  
Bumbaz'd he loups frae sight, and jooks his ken,  
Fley'd to be seen amang the tassel'd train.

To the PRINCIPAL and PROFESSORS of  
the University of St ANDREW'S, on their  
superb treat to Dr SAMUEL JOHNSON.

ST ANDREW'S town may look right gawfy,  
Nae Grass will grow upo' her cawsey,  
Nor wa'-flow'rs of a yellow dye,  
Glour dowy o'er her Ruins high,  
Sin Samy's head weel pang'd wi' leat  
Has seen the Alma Mater there:

Regents, my winsome billy boys !  
 'Bout him you've made an unco noise ;  
 Nae doubt for him your bells wad clink  
 To find him upon *Eden's* brink,  
 An' a' things nicely set in order,  
 Wad keep him on the Fifan border ;  
 I'se warrant now, frae France an' Spain  
 Baith *Cooks* and *Scullions* mony ane  
 Wad gar the pats an' kettles tingle  
 Around the college kitchen ingle,  
 To fleg frae a' your craigs the roup,  
 Wi' reeking het and crieshy soup ;  
 And *snails* and *puddocks* mony hunder  
 Wad beeking lie the hearth-stane under,  
 Wi' roast and boil'd, an' a' kin kind,  
 To heat the body, cool the mind.

But hear, my lads ! gin I'd been there,  
 How I wad trimm'd the bill o' fare !  
 For ne'er sic furly wight as he  
 Had met wi' sic respect frae me.  
 Mind ye what *Sam*, the lying loun !  
 Has in his *Dictionary* laid down ?  
 That *Aits in England* are a feast  
 To cow an' horse, an' sicken beast,  
 While in Scots ground this growth was common  
 To gust the gab o' *Man* an' *Woman*.

Tak

Tak tent, ye *Regents* ! then, an' hear  
 My list o' gudely hameil gear,  
 Sic as hae often rax'd the wyme:  
 O' blyther fallows mony time ;  
 Mair hardy, couple, steeve an' fwank,  
 Than ever stood on *Samy's* shank.

*Imprimis*, then, a haggis fat,  
 Weel tottl'd in a seything pat,  
 Wi' *spice* and *ingans* weel ca'd thro',  
 Had help'd to gust the stirrah's mow,  
 An' plac'd itsell in truncher clean  
 Before the gilpy's glowrin een.

*Secundo*, then, a gude sheep's head,  
 Whase hide was singit, never flead,  
 And four black trotters, cled wi' girsle,  
 Bedown his throat had learn'd to hirsle.

What think ye neist o' gude fat brose  
 To clag his ribs? a dainty dose !  
 And white and bloody puddins routh,  
 To gar the Doctor skirl, O Drouth !  
 Whan he cou'd never houp to merit  
 A cordial glass o' reaming claret,  
 But thraw his nose, and brize and pegh  
 O'er the contents o' sma' ale quegh :  
 Then let his wisdom giri an' snarl  
 O'er a weel-tostit girdle farl,

An' learn, that, maugré o' his wame,  
Ill bairns are ay best heard at hame.

Drummond, lang fyne, o' Hawthorden,  
The wyliest an' best o' men,  
Has gi'en you dishes ane or mae,  
That wad hae gar'd his grinders play,  
Not to *Roast Beef*, old England's life !  
But to the auld *East Nook of Fife*\*,  
Whare Creilian crafts cou'd weel hae gi'en  
Scate-rumples to hae clear'd his een ;  
Than neist, whan *Samy's* heart was faintin,  
He'd lang'd for scate to mak him wanton.

Ah ! willawins, for Scotland now,  
Whan she maun stap ilk birky's mow  
Wi' eistacks, grown as 'tware in pet  
In foreign land, or green-house het,  
Whan cog o' brose an' cutty spoon  
Is a' our cottar childer's boon,  
Wha thro' the week, till Sunday's speal,  
Toil for pease-clods an' gude lang kail.  
Devall then, Sirs, and never send  
For daintiths to regale a friend,  
Or, like a torch at baith ends burning,  
Your house 'll soon grow mirk and mourning !

What's

\* Alluding to two tunes under these titles.

What's this I hear some cynic say?  
 Robin, ye loun! it's nae fair play;  
 Is there nae ither subject rife  
 To clap your thumb upon but Fife?  
 Gie o'er, young man, you'll meet your corning,  
 Than caption-war, or charge o' horning;  
 Some canker'd, surly, four-mow'd carline  
 Bred near the abbey o' Dumfarline,  
 Your shoulders yet may gie a lounder,  
 An' be of verse the mal-confounder.

Come on, ye blades! but 'ere ye tulzie,  
 Or hack our flesh wi' sword or gulzie,  
 Ne'er shaw your teeth, nor look like stink,  
 Nor o'er an empty bicker blink:  
 What weets the wizen an' the wyme,  
 Will mend your prose, and heal my rhyme.

ELEGY on JOHN HOGG, late Porter to the  
 University of ST ANDREWS.

DEATH, what's ado? the de'il be liket,  
 Or wi' your stang you ne'er had pricket,  
 Or our auld ALMA MATER tricket  
 O' poor John Hogg,  
 And trail'd him ben-thro' your mark wicket  
 As dead's a-log.

Now ilka glaikit scholar loun  
 May dander wae wi' *duddy gown* ;  
*Kate Kennedy* \* to dowy crune  
 May mourn and clink,  
 And steeples o' Saint Andrew's town

To yird may sink.  
 Sin' *Pauly Tam* †, wi' canker'd snout,  
 First held the students in about,  
 To wear their claes as black as foot,  
 They ne'er had reason,  
 Till death John's haffit gae a clout  
 Sae out o' season.

Whan *regents* met at common schools,  
 He taught auld *Tam* to hale the dules,  
 And eident to row right the bowls,

Like ony emmack ;  
 He kept us a' within the rules  
 Strict academic.

Heh ! wha will tell the students now  
 To meet the *Pauly* cheek for chow,

\* A bell in the College steeple.

† A name given by the students, some time ago, to one of the members of the university.

Whan he, like *frightsome wirrikow*,  
 Had wont to rail,  
 And set our stamacks in a low,  
 Or we turn'd tail.

Ah, Johnny ! aften did I grumble  
 Frae cozy bed fu' ear' to tumble,  
 Whan art and part I'd been in some ill,  
 Troth I was fwear ;  
 His words they brodit like wumill  
 Frae ear to ear.

Whan I had been fu' laith to rise,  
 John than beguide to moralize :  
 " The *tither nap*, the *sluggard* cries,  
 " And turns him round ;  
 " Sae spake auld Solomon the wise,  
 " Divine profound !"

Nae dominie, or wife mes John,  
 Was better lear'd in Solomon ;  
 He cited proverbs one by one  
 Ilk vice to tame ;  
 He gar'd ilk sinner sigh an' groan,  
 And fear hell's flame.

" I hae nae meikle skill, quo' he,  
 " In what you ca' philosophy ;  
 " It

“ It tells that baith the earth and sea  
 “ Rin round about;  
 “ Either the Bible tells a lie,  
 “ Or ye’re a’ out.  
 “ Its i’ the *psalms* o’ DAVID writ,  
 “ That this wide warkl ne’er shou’d flit,  
 “ But on the waters coshly fit  
 “ Fu’ steeve and lasting:  
 “ An’ was na he a head o’ wit  
 “ At sic contesting!”

On einings cauld wi’ glee we’d trudge  
 To heat our shins in Johnny’s lodge;  
 The de’il ane thought his bum to budge  
 Wi’ filler on us:  
 To claw *het pints* we’d never grudge  
 O’ *molationis*.

Say, ye *red gowns*! that aften here  
 Hae toasted bakes to *Katie’s beer*,  
 Gin ’ere thir days hae had their peer,  
 Sae blyth, sae daft!  
 You’ll ne’er again in life’s career  
 Sit ha’f sae saft.

Wi’ haffit locks, sae smooth and sleek,  
 John look’d like ony antient Greek;

He was a Nazarene a' the week,  
 And doughtna tell ous  
 A bawbee Scots to straik his cheek  
 Till Sunday fell out.

For John ay lo'ed to turn the pence,  
 Thought poortith was a great offence :  
 " What recks tho' ye ken mood and tense ?

" A hungry wyme  
 " For gowd wad wi' them baith dispense  
 " At ony time,

" Ye ken what ails maun ay besal  
 " The chiel that will be prodigal ;  
 " Whan wasted to the very spaul  
 " He turns his tusk,

" For want o' comfort to his faul  
 " O' hungry husk."

Ye roiyt lowns ! just do as he'd do ;

For mony braw green shaw and meadow

He's left to cheer his dowy widow,

His winsome *Kate*,

That to him prov'd a canny she-dow,

Baith ear' and late.

*The GHAISTS: A Kirk-yard Eclogue.*

Did you not say in good ANN's day,  
 And vow and did protest, Sir,  
 That when Hanover shoud come o'er  
 We surely shoud be blest, Sir?  
 An auld Sang made new again.

WHARE the braid planes in dowy murmurs  
 Their antient taps out o'er the cauld-clad grave,  
 Whare *Geordie Girdwood*\*, mony a lang spun day,  
 Houkit for gentlest banes the humblest clay,  
 'Twa sheeted ghaists, fae grizly and fae wan,  
 'Mang lanely tombs their douff discourse began.

## W A T S O N.

Cauld blaws the nippin north wi' angry sough,  
 And showers his hailstanes frae the Castle Cleugh  
 O'er the Grayfriars, whare, at mirkest hour,  
 Bogles and spectres wont to tak their tour,  
 Harlin' the pows and shanks to hidden cairns,  
 Amang the hamlocks wild, and sun-burnt fernes,  
 But nane the night, save you and I, hae come  
 Frae the dern mansions of the midnight tomb.

Now

\* *The late Sexton.*

Now whan the dawning's near, whan cock matins  
 craw,  
 And wi' his angry bougil gar's withdraw,  
 Ayont the kirk we'll stap, and there tak bield,  
 While the black hours our nightly freedom yield.

## H E R R I O T.

I'm weel content ; but binna caffen down,  
 Nor trow the cock will ca' ye hame o'er soon,  
 For tho' the eastern lift betakens day,  
 Changing her rokely black for mantle grey,  
 Nae weirlike bird our knell of parting rings,  
 Nor sheds the caller moisture frae his wings.  
*Nature* has chang'd her course ; the birds o' day  
 Dosin' in silence on the bending spray,  
 While owllets round the craigs at noon-tide flee,  
 And bludy-bawks sit singand on the tree.  
 Ah, *Caledon* ! the land I yence held dear,  
 Sair mane mak I for thy destruction near ;  
 And thou, *Edina* ! anes my dear abode,  
 Whan royal *Jamie* sway'd the sovereign rod,  
 In thae blest days, weel did I think bestow'd  
 To blaw thy poortith by wi' heaps o' gowd ;  
 To mak thee sonsy seem wi' mony a gift,  
 And gar thy stately turrets speel the lift :  
 In vain did Danish Jones, wi' gimcrack pains,  
 In Gothic sculpture fret the pliant stanes :

In

In vain did he affix my statue here,  
Brawly to busk wi' flow'rs ilk coming year ;  
My tow'rs are funk, my lands are barren now,  
My fame, my honour, like my flow'rs maun dow.

## W A T S O N.

Sure *Major Weir*, or some sic warlock wight,  
Has flung beguilin' glamer o'er your fight ;  
Or else some kittle cantrup thrown, I ween,  
Has bound in mirlygoes my ain twa ein,  
If ever aught frae sense cou'd be believ'd  
(And seenil hae my senses been deceiv'd),  
This moment, o'er the top of Adam's tomb,  
Fu' easy can I see your chieffest dome :  
Nae corbie fleein' there, nor croupin' crows,  
Seem to forspeak the ruin of thy haws,  
But a' your tow'rs in wonted order stand,  
Steeve as the rocks that hem our native land.

## H E R R I O T.

Think na I vent my well-a-day in vain,  
Kent ye the cause, ye sure wad join my mane.  
Black be the day that e'er to England's ground  
Scotland was eikit by the *Union's* bond ;  
For mony a menzie of destructive ills  
The country now maun brook frae *mortmain tills*,

That

That void our test'ments, and can freely gie  
 Sic will and scoup to the ordain'd trustee,  
 That he may tir our stateliest riggins bare,  
 Nor acres, houses, woods, nor fishins spare,  
 Till he can lend the stoitering state a lift  
 Wi' gowd in gowpins as a graftsum gift ;  
 In lieu o' whilk, we maun be weel content  
 To tyne the capital for three *per cent.*  
 A doughty sum indeed, whan now-a-days  
 They raise provisions as the stents they raise,  
 Yoke hard the poor, and lat the rich chiel be,  
 Pamper'd at ease by ither's industry.

Hale interest for my fund can scantily now  
 Cleed a' my callants backs, and stap their mou' :  
 How maun their weyms wi' fairest hunger slack,  
 Their duds in targets flaff upo' their back,  
 Whan they are doom'd to keep a lasting Lent,  
 Starving for England's weel at *three per cent.* !

### W A T S O N.

AULD REIKIE than may blefs the gowden  
 times,  
 Whan honesty and poortith baith are crimes :  
 She little kend, whan you and I endow'd  
 Our hospitals for back-gaun burghers gude,  
 That e'er our filler or our lands shou'd bring  
 A gude bien living to a back-gaun k—g.

F

Wha,

Wha, thanks to ministry ! is grown sae wise,  
 He dow'na chew the bitter cud of vice ;  
 For gin, frae Castlehill to Netherbow,  
 Wad honest houses bawdy-houses grow,  
 The crown wad never spier the price o' sin,  
 Nor hinder younkers to the de'il to rin ;  
 But gif some mortal grien for pious fame,  
 And leave the poor man's pray'r to sain his name,  
 His geer maun a' be scatter'd by the claws  
 O' ruthles, ravenous, and harpy laws.  
 Yet, shou'd I think, altho' the bill tak place,  
 The council winna lack sae meikle grace  
 As lat our heritage at wanworth gang,  
 Or the succeeding generations wrang  
 O' braw bien maintenance and wealth o' lear,  
 Whilk else had drappit to their children's skair :  
 For mony a deep, and mony a rare engyne  
 Hae sprung frae Herriot's wark, and sprung frae  
 mine.

## H E R R I O T.

I find, my friend, that ye but little ken,  
 'There's ei'now on the earth a set o' men,  
 Wha', if they get their private pouches lin'd,  
 Gie na a winnelstrae for a' mankind ;  
 They'll sell their country, flae their conscience bare,  
 To gar the weigh-bauk turn a single hair.

The

The government need only bait the line  
 Wi' the prevailing flee, the gowden coin;  
 Then our executors, and wise trustees,  
 Will sell them fishes in forbidden seas,  
 Upo' their dwining country girn in sport,  
 Laugh in their sleeve, and get a place at court.

## W A T S O N.

'Ere that day come, I'll 'mang our spirits pick-  
 Some ghast that trokes and conjures wi' *Auld Nick*,  
 To gar the wind wi' rougher rumbles blaw,  
 And weightier thuds than ever mortal saw :  
 Fire-flaught and hail, wi' tenfold fury's fires,  
 Shall lay yerd-kaigh Edina's airy spires :  
 Tweed shall rin rowtin' down his banks out o'er,  
 Till Scotland's out o' reach o' England's pow'r ;  
 Upo' the briny Borean jaws to float,  
 And mourn in dowy saughs her dowy lot.

## H E R R I O T.

Yonder's the tomb of wise *Mackenzie* fam'd,  
 Whase laws rebellious bigotry reclaim'd,  
 Freed the hail land of covenanting fools,  
 Wha erst hae fash'd us wi' unnumber'd dools ;  
 Till night we'll take the swaird aboon our pows,  
 And than, whan she her ebon chariot rows,

We'll travel to the vaut wi' stealing stap,  
 And wauk *Mackenzie* frae his quiet nap ;  
 Tell him our ails, that he, wi' wonted skill,  
 May fleg the schemers o' the *mortmain-bill*.

EPISTLE to Mr ROBERT FERGUSSON.

IS Allan risen frae the deid,  
 Wha aft has tun'd the aiten reed,  
 And by the Muses was decreed  
     To grace the thistle?  
 Na; Fergusson's come in his stead  
     To blaw the whistle.

In troth, my callant, I'm sae fain  
 To read your sonfy, canty strain,  
 You write sic easy stile and plain,  
     And words sae bonny,  
 Nae South'ron lown dare you disdain,  
     Or cry, *Fy on ye!*

Whae'er has at *Auld Reikie* been,  
 And king's birth-days exploits has seen,  
 Maun own that ye hae gi'en a keen  
     And true description ;  
 Nor say ye've at *Parnassus* been  
     To form a fiction.

Hale

Hale be your heart, ye canty chield !  
 May ye ne'er want a gude warm beild,  
 And sic gude cakes as Scotland yields,

And ilka dainty

That grows or feeds upo' her fields,

And Whisky plenty.

But ye, perhaps, thirst mair for fame  
 Than a' the gude things I can name,  
 And then ye will be fair to blame

My gude intention :

For that ye needna gae frae hame,

You've sic pretension.

Sae saft and sweet your verses jingle,  
 And your auld words sae meetly mingle,  
 'Twill gar baith married fous and single

To roose your lays ;

Whan we forgerther round the ingle,

We'll chant your praise.

Whan I again *Auld Reikie* see,  
 And can forgerther, lad, with thee,  
 Then we wi' muckle mirth and glee

Shall tak a gill,

And o' your *caller oysters* we

Shall eat our fill.

If sic a thing shou'd you betide,  
 To Berwick town to tak a ride,  
 Ife tak ye up Tweed's bonnie side

Before ye settle,

And shew you there the fisher's pride,

A Sa'mon-kettle.

There lads an' lasses do conveen  
 To feast an' dance upo' the green,

An' there sic brav'ry may be seen

As will confound ye,

An' gar ye glowl' out baith your een

At a' around ye.

To see fae mony bosoms bare,

An' sic huge puddins i' their hair,

An' some of them wi' naithing mair

Upo' their tete ;

Yea, some wi' mutches that might scar

Craws frae their meat.

I ne'er appear'd before in print,

But for your sake wou'd fain be in't,

E'en that I might my wishes hint

That you'd write mair ;

For sure your head-piece is a mint

Whare wit's nae rare.

Sonse

Sonse fa' me, gif I hadna 'lure  
I cou'd command ilk muse as sure,  
Than hae a chariot at the door

To wait upo' me;

Tho'; poet-like, I'm but a poor

Mid-Louthian Johnnie.

Berwick, Aug. 31. 1773.

J. S.

ANSWER to Mr. J. S.'s EPISTLE.

I TROW, my mettl'd Louthian lathie,  
*Auld farran birky I matun ca' thee,*  
For whan in gude black print I saw thee  
Wi' souple gab,  
I skirl'd fou loud, " Oh wae befa' thee !

" But thou'rt a daub."

Awa', ye wylie fleetchin *fallow* !  
The rose shall grow like gowan yallow,  
Before I turn sae toom and shallow,  
And void of fusion,  
As a' your butter'd words to swallow  
In vain delusion.

Ye make my Muse a dautit pet;  
But gin she cou'd like *Allan's* met,

Or

Or *couthie cracks* and *hamely* get  
 Upo' her *caritch*,  
 Eithly wad I be in your debt  
 A pint o' paritch.

At times whan she may lowse her pack,  
 I'll grant that she can find a knack,  
 To gar auld-warl'd wordies clack  
 In hamespun rhyme,  
 While ilk ane at his *billie*'s back  
 Keeps gude *Scots* time.

But she maun e'en be glad to jook,  
 And play *teet-bo* frae nook to nook,  
 Or blush as gin she had the yook  
 Upo' her skin,  
 Whan *Ramsay* or whan *Pennicuik*  
 Their lilt begin.

At morning ear', or late at e'en,  
 Gin ye sud hap to come and see ane,  
 Nor niggard *wife*, nor greetin wee ane,  
 Within my cloyster,  
 Can challenge you and me frae preein'  
 A caller oyster.

Heh lad ! it wou'd be news indeed,  
 Ware I to ride to bonny *Tweed*,

Wha

Wha ne'er laid *gamon* o'er a steed  
 Beyont *Lusterrick*;

And auld shanks nag wou'd tire, I dread,  
 To pace to *Berwick*.

You crack weel o' your lasses there,  
 Their glancin een and bisket bare ;  
 But thof this town be *smeekit* fair,  
 I'll wad a *farden*,  
 Than ours there's nane mair fat and fair,  
 Cravin your pardon.

Gin *heaven* shou'd gie the *earth* a drink,  
 And afterhend a sunny blink,  
 Gin ye ware here, I'm sure you'd think  
 It worth your notice,  
 To see them *dubbs* and gutters jink  
 Wi' kiltit coaties.

And frae ilk corner o' the nation,  
 We've lasses eke of recreation,  
 That at close-mou's tak up their station  
 By ten o'clock.  
 The Lord deliver frae temptation  
 A' honest fock !

Thir queans are ay upo' the catch  
 For *purzie*, *pocket-book*, or *watch*,  
 And

And can fee sae glibb their *leefins* hatch,  
 That you'll agree  
 Ye-canna eithly meet their match  
 'Tween you and me.

For this gude sample o' your skill,  
 I'm restin you a pint o' yale,  
 By and attour a Highland gill  
 Of *Aquavite* ;  
 The which to come and sock at will,  
 I here invite ye.

Tho' jillet Fortune scoul and quarrel,  
 And keep me frae a bien beef barrel,  
 As lang's I've twopence i' the warl'  
 I'll ay be *vockie*  
 To part a *fadge* or *girdle farl*  
 Wi' Louthian Jockie.

Fareweel, my cock ! Lang may you thrive,  
 Weel happit in a cozy hive ;  
 And that your saul may never dive  
 To *Acheron*,  
 I'll wish as lang's I can subscrive

ROB. FERGUSSON.

## To my AULD BREEKS.

NOW gae your wa's—Tho' anes as gude  
 As ever happit *fleſh* and *blude*,  
 Yet part we maun—The case fae hard is,  
 Amang the Writers and the Bardies,  
 That lang they'll brook the *auld* I trow,  
 Or neibours cry, “ Weel brook the *new*,”  
 Still making tight wi' tither streek,  
 The tither hole, the tither eik,  
 To bang the birr o' winter's anger,  
 And had the hurdies out o' langer.

Sicklike some weary wight will fill  
 His kyte wi' *drogs* frae doctor's *bill*,  
 Thinking to tack the tither year  
 To life, and look baith hail an' fier,  
 Till at the lang-run death dirks in,  
 To birze his faul ayont his skin.

You needna wag your *duds* o' clouts,  
 Nor fa' into your dory pouts,  
 To think that erſt you've hain'd my *tail*  
 Frae *wind* and *weet*, frae *snaw* and *hail*,  
 And for reward, whan bald and hummil,  
 Frae garret high to dree a tumble.  
 For you I car'd, as lang's ye dow'd  
 Be lin'd wi' filler or wi' gowd :

Now

Now to befriend, it wad be folly,  
 Your raggit hide and pouches holey ;  
 For wha but kens a poet's placks  
 Get mony weary flaws an' cracks,  
 And canna thole to hae them tint,  
 As he sae seenil sees the mint ?  
 Yet round the warld keek and see,  
 That ithers fare as ill as thee ;  
 For weel we loe the chiel we think  
 Can get us tick, or gie us drink,  
 Till o' his purse we've seen the bottom,  
 Then we despise, and hae forgot him.

Yet gratefu' hearts, to make amends,  
 Will ay be sorry for their friends,  
 And I for thee—As mony a time  
 Wi' you I've speel'd the braes o' rhime,  
 Whare for the time the Muse ne'er cares  
 For filler, or sic guilefu' wares,  
 Wi' whilk we drumly grow, and crabbit,  
 Dowr, capernoited, thrawin gabbit,  
 And brither, sister, friend and fae,  
 Without remeid of kindred, flae.

You've seen me round the bickers reel  
 Wi' heart as hale as temper'd steel,  
 And face sae apen, free and blyth,  
 Nor thought that sorrow there cou'd kyth ;

But

But the niest mament this was lost,  
Like gowan in December's frost.

Cou'd *Prick-the-louse* but be fae handy  
As mak the breeks and claise to stand ay,  
Thro' thick and thin wi' you I'd dash on,  
Nor mind the folly of the fashon :  
But, hegh ! the times' *vicissitudo*,  
Gars ither breeks decay as you do.

Thae **MACARONIES**, braw and windy,  
Maun fail—*Sic transit gloria mundi !*

Now speed you to some madam's chaumer,  
That butt an' ben rings dule an' claumer,  
Ask her, in kindness, if she seeks  
In hidling ways to *wear the breeks* ?  
Safe you may dwell, tho' mould and mottie,  
Beneath the veil o' under coatie,  
For this mair faults nor yours can screen  
Frae lover's quickest senfe, his ein.

Or if some bard, in lucky times,  
Shou'd profit meikle by his rhimes,  
And pace awa', wi' smirky face,  
In filler or in gowden lace,  
Glowr in his face, like spectre gaunt,  
Remind him o' his former want,  
To cow his daffin and his pleasure,  
And gar him live within the measure.

So PHILIP, it is said, who wou'd ring  
 O'er Macedon a just and gude king,  
 Fearing that power might plume his feather,  
 And bid him stretch beyond the tether,  
 Ilk morning to his lug wad ca'  
 A tiny servant o' his ha'  
 To tell him to improve his span,  
 For PHILIP was, like him, a MAN.

## AULD REIKIE.

AULD REIKIE, wale o' ilka town  
 That Scotland kens beneath the moon ;  
 Whare couthy chiels at e'enig meet  
 Their bizzing *craigs* and *mous* to weet ;  
 And blythly gar auld care gae bye  
 Wi' blinkit and wi' bleering eye :  
 O'er lang frae thee the Muse has been  
 Sae frisky on the *Simmer's* green,  
 Whan flowers and gowans wont to glent  
 In bonny blinks upo' the bent ;  
 But now the *leaves* of yellow dye,  
 Peel'd frae the *branches*, quickly fly ;  
 And now frae nouther bush nor brier  
 The spreckl'd *mavis* greets your ear ;  
 Nor bonny blackbird *skims* and *roves*  
 To seek his love in yonder groves.

Then

Then *Reikie*, welcome! Thou canst charm,  
 Unfleggit by the year's alarm;  
 Not Boreas, that sae snelly blows,  
 Dare here pap in his angry nose:  
 Thanks to our *dads*, whase biggin stands  
 A shelter to surrounding lands.

Now morn, with bonny purpie-smiles,  
 Kisses the air-cock o' St Giles;  
 Rakin their ein, the servant lasses  
 Early begin their lies and clashes;  
 Ilk tells her friend of saddest distress,  
 That still she brooks frae scouling mistress;  
 And wi' her joe in turnpike stair  
 She'd rather snuff the slinking air,  
 As be subjected to her tongue,  
 When justly censur'd in the wrong.

On stair wi' tub, or *pat* in hand,  
 The barefoot *housemaids* loe to stand,  
 That antrin flock may ken how *snell*  
 Auld Reikie will at *morning smell*:  
 Then, with an*inundation* big as  
 The *burn* that 'neath the *Nor' Loch brig* is,  
 They kindly shower *EDINA*'s roses,  
 To *quicken* and *regale* our *noses*.  
 Now some for this, wi' *satire's* leesh,  
 Ha'e gi'en auld Edinburgh a *creesh*:

But without souring nocht is sweet ;  
 The morning sinells that hail our street,  
 Prepare, and gently lead the way  
 To fimmer canty, braw and gay :  
 Edina's sons mair eithly share  
 Her spices and her dainties rare,  
 Then he that's never yet been call'd  
 Aff frae his pladie or his fauld.

Now stair-head critics, senseless fools,  
*Censure* their *aim*, and *pride* their rules,  
 In Luckenbooths, wi' glouring eye,  
 Their neighbours sma'est faults descry :  
 If ony loun should dander there,  
 Of aukward gate, and foreign air,  
 They trace his steps, till they can tell  
 His *pedigree* as weel's himsell.

Whan Phœbus blinks wi' warmer ray,  
 And schools at noon-day get the play,  
 Then bus'nes, weighty bus'nes, comes ;  
 The trader glours ; he doubts, he hums :  
 The lawyers eke to cross repair,  
 Their wigs to shaw, and toss an air ;  
 While busy agent closely plies,  
 And a' his kittle cases tries.

Now night, that's cunzied chief for fun,  
 Is wi' her usual rites begun ;

Thro'

Thro' ilka gate the torches blaze,  
 And globes send out their blinking rays.  
 The usefu' cadie plies in street,  
 To bide the profits o' his feet ;  
 For by thir lads Auld Reikie's flock  
 Ken but a *sample* o' the stock.  
 O' thieves, that nightly wad oppress,  
 And make baith goods and gear the less.  
 Near him the lazy chairman stands,  
 And wats na how to turn his hands,  
 Till some daft birky, ranting fu',  
 Has matters somewhere else to do ;  
 The chairman willing gi'es his light  
 To deeds o' darkness and o' night :

It's never fax-pence for a lift  
 That gars thir lads wi' fu'ness rift ;  
 For they wi' better gear are paid,  
 And *whores* and *culls* support their trade.

Near some lamp-post, wi' dowy face,  
 Wi' heavy ein, and four grimace,  
 Stands she that beauty lang had kend,  
 Whoredom her trade, and vice her end.  
 But see whare now she wuns her bread  
 By that which nature ne'er decreed ;  
 And sings sad music to the lugs,  
 'Mang bourachs o' damn'd whores and rogues.

Whane'er we reputation lose,  
 Fair chastity's transparent gloss !  
 Redemption seenil kens the name,  
 But a's black misery and shame.

Frae joyous tavern, reeling drunk,  
 Wi' fiery phizz, and ein half sunk,  
 Behad the bruiser, fae to a'  
 That in the reek o' gardies fa' :  
 Close by his side, a feckless race  
 O' macaronies shew their face,  
 And think they're free frae skaith or harm,  
 While pith befriends their leader's arm :  
 Yet fearfu' often o' their maught,  
 They quat the glory o' the faught  
 To this same warrior wha led  
 Thae heroes to bright honour's bed ;  
 And aft the hack o' honour shines  
 In bruiser's face wi' broken lines :  
 Of them sad tales he tells anon,  
 Whan ramble and whan fighting's done ;  
 And, like Hectorian, ne'er impairs  
 The brag and glory o' his fairs.

Whan feet in dirty gutters plash,  
 And flock to wale their fitstaps fash ;  
 At night the macaroni drunk,  
 In pools or gutters aftimes sunk :

Hegh !

Hegh! what a fright he now appears,  
 Whan he his corpse dejected rears!  
 Look at that head, and think if there  
 The pomet flaister'd up his hair !  
 The cheeks observe, where now cou'd shine  
 The scancing glories o' carmine ?  
 Ah, legs! in vain the silk-worm there  
 Display'd to view her eidant care ;  
 For stink, instead of perfumes, grow,  
 And clarty odours fragrant flow.

Now some to porter, some to punch,  
 Some to their wife, and some their wench,  
 Retire, while noisy ten-hours' drum  
 Gars a' your trades gae dandring home.  
 Now mony a club, jocose and free,  
 Gie a' to merriment and glee :  
 Wi' sang and glas, they fley the pow'n  
 O' care that wad harrafs the hour :  
 For wine and Bacchus still bear down  
 Our thrawart fortune's wildest frown :  
 It maks you stark, and bauld, and brave,  
 Ev'n whan descending to the grave.

Now some, in *Pandemonium's* shade,  
 Resume the gormandizing trade ;  
 Whare eager looks, and glancing ein,  
 Forespeak a heart and stamack keen.

Gang on, my lads ; it's lang sin syne  
 We kent auld *Epicurus'* line ;  
 Save you, the *board* wad cease to rise,  
 Bedight wi' *daintiths* to the skies ;  
 And salamanders cease to swill  
 The *comforts* o' a *burning* gill.

But chief, O *Cape* ! we crave thy aid,  
 To get our cares and poortith laid :  
 Sincerity, and genius true,  
 Of knights have ever been the due :  
 Mirth, music, porter deepest dy'd,  
 Are never here to worth deny'd ;  
 And health, o' happiness the queen,  
 Blinks bonny, wi' her smile serene.

Tho' joy maist part Auld Reikie owns,  
 Eftsoons she kens sad sorrow's frowns ;  
 What groupe is yon sae dismal, grim,  
 Wi' horrid aspect, cleeding dim ?  
 Says Death, they're mine, a dowy crew,  
 To me they'll quickly pay their last adieu.

How come mankind, whan lacking woe,  
 In *Saulie's* face their hearts to show,  
 As if they were a clock to tell  
 That grief in them had rung her bell ?  
 Then, what is man ? why a' this phraze ?  
 Life's spunk decay'd nae mair can blaze.

Let

Let sober grief alone declare  
 Our fond anxiety and care :  
 Nor let the undertakers be  
 The only waefu' friends we see.

Come on, my Muse, and then rehearse  
 The gloomiest theme in a' your verse :  
 In morning, whan ane keeks about,  
 Fu' blyth and free frae ail, nae doubt  
 He lippens not to be misled  
 Amang the regions of the dead :  
 But straight a painted corp he sees,  
 Lang streekit 'neath its canopies.  
 Soon, soon will this his mirth controul,  
 And send d——n to his soul :  
 Or whan the dead-deal, (awful shape !)  
 Makes frightened mankind girn and gape,  
 Reflection then his reason fours,  
 For the niest dead-deal may be ours.  
 Whan Sybil led the Trojan down  
 To haggard *Pluto*'s dreary town,  
 Shapes war nor thae, I freely ween  
 Cou'd never meet the soldier's ein.  
 If kail sae green, or herbs, delight,  
 Edina's street attracts the sight ;  
 Not Covent-garden, clad tae braw,  
 Mair fouth o' herbs can eithly shaw :

For

For mony a yead is here fair sought,  
 That kail and cabbage may be bought ;  
 And healthfu' fallad to regale,  
 Whan pamper'd wi' a heavy meal.  
 Glour up the street in summer morn,  
 The birks fae green, and sweet brier-thorn,  
 Wi' spraingit flow'rs that scent the gale,  
 Ca' far awa the morning smell,  
 Wi' which our ladies flow'r-pat's fill'd,  
 And every noxious vapour kill'd.  
 O nature ! canty, blyth and free,  
 Whare is there keeking-glass like thee ?  
 Is there on earth that can compare  
 Wi' Mary's shape, and Mary's air,  
 Save the empurpl'd speck, that grows  
 In the saft faulds of yonder rote ?  
 How bonny seems the virgin breast,  
 Whan by the lillies here careit,  
 And leaves the mind in doubt to tell  
 Which maist in sweets and hue excel ?

*Gillefpie's* snuff should prime the nose  
 Of her that to the market goes,  
 If they wad like to shun the smells  
 That buoy up frae market cells ;  
 Whare wames o' painches' fav'ry scent  
 To nostrils gie great discontent.

Now

Now wha in *Albion* could expect  
 O' cleanliness sic great neglect?  
 Nae Hottentot that daily lairs  
 'Mang tripe, or ither clarty wares,  
 Hath ever yet conceiv'd, or seen  
 Beyond the line, sic scenes unclean.

On Sunday here, an alter'd scene  
 O' men and manners meets our ein :  
 Ane wad maist trow some people chuse  
 To change their faces wi' their clo'es,  
 And fain wad gar ilk neighbour think  
 They thirst for goodness, as for drink :  
 But there's an unco dearth o' grace,  
 That has nae mansion but the face,  
 And never can obtain a part  
 In benmost corner of the heart.  
 Why should religion make us sad,  
 If good frae Virtue's to be had ?  
 Na, rather gleefu' turn your face ;  
 Forsake hypocrisy, grimace ;  
 And never have it understood  
 You fleg mankind frae being good.

In afternoon, a' brawlie buskit,  
 The joes and lasses loe to frisk it :  
 Some tak a great delight to place  
 The modest *bon-grace* o'er the face ;

Tho' you may see, if so inclin'd,  
 The turning o' the leg behind.  
 Now Comely-garden, and the Park,  
 Refresh them, after forenoon's wark ;  
 Newhaven, Leith, or Canon-mills,  
 Supply them in their Sunday's gills ;  
 Whare writers often spend their pence,  
 To stock their heads wi' drink and sence.

While dandring cits delight to stray  
 To Castlehill, or public way,  
 Whare they nae other purpose mean,  
 Than that fool cause o' being seen ;  
 Let me to *Arthur's Seat* pursue,  
 Whare bonny pastures meet the view ;  
 And mony a wild-lorn scene accrues,  
 Befitting *Willie Shakespeare's* muse :  
 If fancy there would join the thrang,  
 The desart rocks and hills amang,  
 To echoes we should lilt and play,  
 And gie to *Mirth* the lee-lang day.

Or shou'd some canker'd biting show'r  
 The day and a' her sweets deflow'r,  
 To Holyrood-house let me stray,  
 And gie to musing a' the day ;  
 Lamenting what auld *Scotland* knew  
 Bien days for ever frae her view ;

• HAMILTON, for shame ! the muse  
 Would pay to thee her couthy vows,  
 Gin ye wad tent the humble strain,  
 And gie's our dignity again :  
 For O, waes me ! the Thistle springs  
 In *domicile* of ancient kings,  
 Without a patriot to regret  
 Our *palace* and our *ancient state*.

Blest place ! whare *debtors* daily run,  
 To rid themselves frae jail and dun ;  
 Here, tho' sequester'd frae the din  
 That rings *Auld Reikie's* wa's within,  
 Yet they may tread the sunny braes,  
 And brook Apollo's cheery rays ;  
 Glour frae *St Anthon's* grafty hight,  
 O'er vales in summer claise bedight,  
 Nor ever hing their head, I ween,  
 Wi' jealous fear o' being seen.  
 May I, whanever *duns* come nigh,  
 And shake my garret wi' their cry,  
 Scour here wi' haste, protection get,  
 To screen myself frae them and debt ;  
 To breathe the bliss of open sky,  
 And *Simon Fraser's* bolts defy.

Now gin a lown should hae his claise  
 In thread-bare autumn o' their days,

St Mary, broker's guardian saint,  
 Will satisfy ilk ail and want ;  
 For mony a hungry writer there  
 Dives down at night, wi' cleeding bare,  
 And quickly rises to the view  
 A gentleman, perfyte and new.  
 Ye rich fock, look na wi' disdain  
 Upo' this ancient brokage lane !  
 For naked poets are supply'd  
 With what you to their wants deny'd.

Peace to thy shade, thou wale o' men,  
 DRUMMOND ! relief to poortich's pain :  
 To thee the greatest blis\$ we owe,  
 And tribute's tear shall grateful flow :  
 The sick are cur'd, the hungry fed,  
 And dreams of comfort 'tend their bed :  
 As lang as *Forth* weets *Lothian's* shore,  
 As lang's on *Fife* her billows roar,  
 Sae lang shall ilk whase country's dear,  
 To thy remembrance gie a tear.  
 By thee *Auld Reikie* thrave and grew  
 Delightfu' to her childer's view :  
 Nae mair shall *Glasgow* striplings threep  
 Their city's beauty and its shape,  
 While our new city spreads around  
 Her bonny wings on fairy ground.

But Provosts now that ne'er afford  
 The finaest dignity to *lord*,  
 Ne'er care tho' every scheme gae wild  
 That DRUMMOND's sacred hand has cull'd :  
 The spacious *Brig* neglected lies,  
 Tho' plagu'd wi' pamphlets, dunn'd wi' cries ;  
 They heed not tho' destruction come  
 To gulp us in her gaunting womb.  
 O shame ! that safety canna claim  
 Protection from a provost's name,  
 But hidden danger lies behind  
 To torture and to fleg the mind ;  
 I may as weel bid *Arthur's Seat*  
 To *Berwick-Law* make gleg retreat,  
 As think that either will or art  
 Shall get the gate to win their heart ;  
 For POLITICS are a' their mark,  
*Bribes latent, and corruption dark* :  
 If they can eithly turn the pence,  
 Wi' city's good they will dispense ;  
 Nor care tho' a' her sons were lair'd  
 Ten fathom i' the auld kirk-yard.

To sing yet meikle does remain,  
 Undecent for a modest strain ;  
 And since the poet's daily bread is  
 The favour of the Muse or ladies,

He downa like to gie offence  
 To delicacy's bonny sens;  
 Therefore the stews remain unsung,  
 And bawds in silence drop their tongue.

REIKIE, farewell! I ne'er cou'd part  
 Wi' thee but wi' a dowy heart;  
 Aft frae the *Fifan* coast I've seen,  
 Thee tow'ring on thy summit green;  
 So glowr the saints when first is given;  
 A fav'rite keek o' glore and heaven;  
 On earth nae mair they bend their ein,  
 But quick assume angelic mein;  
 So I on *Fife* wad glowr no more,  
 But gallop'd to EDINA's shore.

H A M E C O N T E N T. A SATIRE.

*To all whom it may concern.*

SOME fock, like *bees*, fu' glegly rin  
 To bykes bang'd fu' o' strife and din,  
 And thieve and huddle crumb by crumb,  
 Till they have scraft the dautit *Plumb*,  
 Then craw fell croufily o' their wark,  
 Tell o'er their turners *mark* by *mark*,  
 Yet darna think to lowse the pose,  
 To aid their neighbours ails and woes.

*Gif gowd* can fetter thus the heart,  
 And gar us act sae base a part,  
 Shall *Man*, a niggard near-gawn elf,  
 Rin to the tether's end for pelf;  
 Learn ilka cunzied scoundrel's trick,  
 Whan a's done sell his faul to *Nick*:  
 I trow they've cost the purchase dear,  
 That gang sic lengths for warldly gear.

Now whan the *Dog-day* heats begin  
 To birstle and to peel the skin,  
 May I lie streekit at my ease,  
 Beneath the caller shady trees,  
 (Far frae the din o' Borrowstoun,) .  
 Whare water plays the haughs bedown;  
 To jouk the simmer's rigour there,  
 And breathe a while the caller air,  
 'Mang herds, an' honest cottar flock,  
 That till the farm and feed the flock;  
 Careleis o' mair, wha never fash  
 To lade their *kist* wi' useless *cash*,  
 But thank the *Gods* for what they've sent,  
 O' health eneugh, and blyth content,  
 An' *pith*, that helps them to stravaig  
 Owr ilka cleugh and ilka craig;  
 Unkend to a' the weary grances  
 That aft arise frae gentler banes,

On easie-chair that pamper'd lie,  
 Wi' banefu' viands gustit high,  
 And turn and fald their weary clay,  
 To rax and gaunt the live-lang day.

Ye sages, tell ! was man e'er made  
 To dree this hatesu' sluggard trade ?  
 Steekit frae Nature's beauties a' ;  
 That daily on his presence ca' ;  
 At hame to girn, and whinge, and pine  
 For fav'rite dishes, fav'rite wine :  
 Come then, shake off thir sluggish ties,  
 And wi' the bird o' dawning rise !  
 On ilka bauk the clouds hae spread  
 Wi' blobs o' dew a pearly bed ;  
 Frae faulds nae mair the owfен rout,  
 But to the fatt'ning clover lout,  
 Whare they may feed at heart's content,  
 Unyokit frae their winter's stent.

Unyoke then, man, an' binna swear  
 To ding a hole in ill-hain'd gear !  
 O think that *cild*, wi' wyl fit,  
 Is wearing nearer bit by bit !  
 Gin yence he claws you wi' his paw,  
 What's filler for ? Fiend hae't awa ;  
 But *gowden* playsfair, that may please  
 The second *Sharger* till he dies.

Some daft chiel reads, and taks advice ;  
 The chaise is yokit in a trice ;  
 Awa drives he like huntit de'il,  
 And scarce tholes *time* to cool his wheel,  
 Till he's Lord kens how far awa',  
 At Italy, or well o' Spa,  
 Or to Montpelier's safter air ;  
 For far aff *fowls* hae *feathers* fair.

There rest him weel ; for eith can we  
 Spare mony glakit gouks like he ;  
 They'll tell whare *Tibur*'s waters rise ;  
 What *sea* receives the drumly prize,  
 That never wi' their feet hae met  
 The *marches* o' their ain estate.

The *Arno* and the *Tibur* lang  
 Hae run fell clear in Roman fang ;  
 But, save the reverence of schools !  
 They're baith but lifeleſs dowy pools.  
 Dought they compare wi' bonny Tweed,  
 As clear as ony lammer-bead ?  
 Or are their shores mair sweet and gay  
 Than Fortha's haughs or banks o' Tay ?  
 Tho' there the herds can jink the show'rs  
 'Mang thriving vines an' myrtle bow'rs,  
 And blaw the reed to kittle strains,  
 While echo's tongue couniends their pains,

Like ours, they canna warm the heart  
 Wi' simple, saft, bewitching art.  
 On Leader haughs an' Yarrow braes,  
*Arcadian* herds wad tyne their lays,  
 To hear the mair melodious sounds  
 That live on our *poetic* grounds.

Come, *Fancy* ! come, and let us tread  
 The simmer's flow'ry velvet bed,  
 And a' your *springs* delightfu' lowse  
 On *Tweeda*'s bank or *Cowdenknows*,  
 That, ta'en wi' thy enchanting sang,  
 Our Scottish lads may round ye thrang,  
 Sae pleas'd, they'll never fash again  
 To court you on Italian plain;  
 Soon will they guesl ye only wear  
 The simple garb o' *Nature* here;  
 Mair comely far an' fair to sight  
 Whan in her easy cleething dight,  
 Than in disguise ye was before  
 On *Tibur*'s, or on *Arno*'s shore.

O *Bangour* \* ! now the hills and dales  
 Nae mair gie back thy tender tales!  
 The barks on Yarrow now deplore  
 Thy mournfu' muse has left the shore :

Near

\* *Mr Hamilton of Bangour.*

Near what bright burn or chrystral spring  
 Did you your winsome whistle hing?  
 The Muse shall there, wi' *war'ry* eie,  
 Gie the dunk swaird a tear for thee;  
 And Yarrow's genius, dowy dame!  
 Shall there forget her blude-stain'd stream,  
 On thy sad grave to seek repose,  
 Who mourn'd her fate, condol'd her woes.

ENGLISH

# ENGLISH POEMS.

To the MEMORY of JOHN CUNNINGHAM.

*Sing his praises that doth keep  
Our flocks from harm,  
PAN, the father of our sheep :  
And arm in arm  
Tread we softly in a round,  
While the hollow neighb'ring ground  
Fills the music with her sound.*

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER,

*YE mournful meanders and groves,  
Delight of the Muse and her song !  
Ye grottos and dripping alcoves,  
No strangers to Corydon's tongue !*

*Let each Sylvan and Dryad declare  
His themes and his music how dear,  
Their plaints and their dirges prepare,  
Attendant on Corydon's bier.*

The

The echo that join'd in the lay,  
 So amorous, sprightly, and free,  
 Shall send forth the sounds of dismay,  
 And sigh with faded pity for thee.

Wild wander his flocks with the breeze ;  
 His reed can no longer controul ;  
 His numbers no longer can please,  
 Or send kind relief to the soul.

But long may they wander and bleat,  
 To hills tell the tale of their woe ;  
 The woodlands the tale shall repeat,  
 And the waters shall mournfully flow.

For these were the haunts of his love,  
 The sacred retreats of his ease,  
 Where favourite fancy would rove,  
 As wanton, as light as the breeze.

Her zone will discolour'd appear,  
 With fanciful ringlets unbound,  
 A face pale and languid she'll wear,  
 A heart fraught with sorrow profound.

The reed of each shepherd will mourn ;  
 The shades of Parnassus decay :  
 The Muses will dry their sad urn,  
 Since 'rest of young Corydon's lay.

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Te

To him every passion was known  
 That throb'd in the breast with desire;  
 Each gentle affection was shown  
 In the soft sighing songs of his lyre.

Like the caroling thrush on the spray  
 In music soft warbling and wild,  
 To love was devoted each lay,  
 In accents pathetic and mild.

Let beauty and virtue revere,  
 And the songs of the shepherd approve,  
 Who felt, who lamented the snare,  
 When repining at pityless love.

The summer but languidly gleams,  
 Pomona no comfort can bring,  
 Nor vallies, nor grottos, nor streams,  
 Nor the May-born flow'rets of Spring.

They have fled all with Corydon's Muse,  
 For his brows to form chaplets of woe,  
 Whose reed oft awaken'd their boughs,  
 As the whispering breezes that blow.

To many a fanciful spring  
 His lyre was melodiously strung;  
 While *fairies* and *fauns* in a ring  
 Have applauded the swain as he sung.

To the cheerful he usher'd his smiles,  
 To the woeful his sigh and his tear;  
 A condoler with want and her toils,  
 When the voice of oppression was near.

Tho' *titles* and *wealth* were his due,

Tho' fortune denied the reward;  
 Yet truth and sincerity knew  
 What the goddess would never regard.

Avails ought the generous heart,  
 Which nature to goodness design'd,  
 If fortune denies to impart  
 Her kindly relief to the mind?

'Twas but faint the relief to *dismay*,  
 The cells of the wretched among;  
 Tho' sympathy sung in the lay,  
 Tho' melody fell from his tongue.

Let the favour'd of fortune attend  
 To the ails of the wretched and poor:  
 Tho' Corydon's lays could befriend,  
 'Tis riches alone that can cure.

But they to compassion are dumb,  
 To pity their voices unknown;  
 Near sorrow they never can come,  
 'Till *misfortune* has mark'd them her own.

Now the shades of the evening depend;

Each warbler is lull'd on the spray;

The cypres doth ruefully bend

Where the corps of cold Corydon stay.

Adieu then the songs of the swain,

Let peace still attend on his shade;

And his pipe that is dumb to his strain,

In the grave be with CORYDON laid.

*The DELIGHTS of VIRTUE.*

RETURNING morn, in orient blush array'd,  
With gentle radiance hail'd the sky serene;  
No rustling breezes wav'd the verdant shade,  
Nor swelling surge disturb'd the azure main.

These moments, Meditation, sure are thine;

These are the halcyon joys you wish to find,  
When nature's peaceful elements combine  
To suit the calm composure of the mind.

The Muse, exalted by thy sacred power,

To the green mountain's air-born summit flew,  
Charm'd with the thoughtful stillness of an hour,  
That usher'd beaming fancy to her view.

Fresh

w<sup>th</sup> v.

Fresh from old Neptune's fluid mansion sprung

The sun, reviver of each drooping flower ;

At his approach the lark, with *matin* song,

In notes of gratitude confess'd his power.

So shines fair **VIRTUE**, shedding light divine

On those who wish'd to profit by her ways ;

Who ne'er at parting with their vice repine,

To taste the comforts of her blissful rays.

She with fresh hopes each sorrow can beguile,

Can dissipate Adversity's stern gloom,

Make meagre Poverty contented smile,

And the sad wretch forget his hapless doom.

Sweeter than shady groves in summer's pride,

Than flowery dales or grassy meads is she ;

Delightful as the honey'd streams that glide

From the rich labours of the busy bee.

Her paths and alleys are for ever green ;

There Innocence, in snowy robes array'd,

With smiles of pure content is hail'd the queen

And happy mistress of the sacred shade.

**O** let no transient gleam of earthly joy

From Virtue lure your lab'ring steps aside ;

Nor instant grandeur future hopes annoy

With thoughts that spring from insolence and  
pride.

Soon will the winged moments speed away,  
 When you'll no more the plumes of honour  
 wear :

Grandeur must shudder at the sad decay,  
 And Pride look humble when he ponders there.

Depriv'd of Virtue, where is Beauty's power?  
 Her dimpled smiles, her roses charm no more ;  
 So much can guilt the loveliest form deflower :  
 We loath that beauty which we lov'd before.

How fair are Virtue's buds where-e'er they blow,  
 Or in the desart wild or garden gay !  
 Her flow'rs how sacred wheresoe'er they show,  
 Unknown to the canker of decay !

#### A TAVERN ELEGY.

**F**LED are the moments of delusive mirth,  
 The fancy'd pleasure ! paradise divine !  
 Hush'd are the clamours that derive their birth  
 From generous floods of soul-reviving wine.

Still night and silence now succeed their noise ;  
 The erring tides of passion rage no more ;  
 But all is peaceful as the ocean's voice  
 When breezeless waters kiss the silent shore.

Here

Here stood the *juice*, whose care-controlling  
pow'rs

Could ev'ry human misery subdue,  
And wake to sportive joy the lazy hours,  
That to the languid senses hateful grew,

Attracted by the magic of the bowl,  
Around the swelling brim in full array  
The glasses circ'd, as the planets roll,  
And hail with borrow'd light the god of day.

Here music, the delight of moments gay!  
Bade the unguarded tongues their motions cease,  
And with a mirthful, a melodious lay,  
Aw'd the fell voice of discord into peace.

These are the joys that virtue must approve,  
While reason shines with majesty divine,  
'Ere our ideas in disorder move,  
And sad excess against the soul combine.

What evils have not frenzy'd mortals done  
By wine, that *ignis fatuus* of the mind!  
How many by its force to vice are won,  
Since first ordain'd to tantalize mankind?  
By Bacchus' power, ye sons of riot! say,  
How many watchful centinels have bled!  
How many travellers have lost their way,  
By *lamps* unguided thro' the ev'ning shade!

O spare those friendly twinklers of the night !  
 Let no rude cane their hallow'd orbs assail !  
 For *cowardice* alone condemns the light,  
 That shews her countenance aghast and pale.

Now the short taper warns me to depart  
 'Ere darkness shall assume his dreary sway ;  
 'Ere solitude fall heavy on my heart,  
 That lingers for the far approach of day.

Who would not vindicate the happy doom  
 To be for ever number'd with the dead,  
 Rather than bear the miserable gloom,  
 When all his comfort, all his friends are fled ?

Bear me, ye gods ! where I may calmly rest  
 From all the follies of the night secure,  
 The balmy blessings of repose to taste,  
 Nor hear the tongue of outrage at my door.

## GOOD EATING.

**H**EAR, O ye host of Epicurus ! hear !  
 Each portly form, whose overhanging paunch  
 Can well denote the all-transcendent joy  
 That springs unbounded from fruition full  
 Of rich repast ; to you I consecrate  
 The song advent'rous ; happy if the Muse

Can

Can cook the numbers to your palates keen,  
Or send but half the relish with her song,  
That smoaking *sirloins* to your souls convey.

Hence now, ye starv'lings wan ! whose empty  
wombs

Oft echo to the hollow murmuring tones  
Of hunger fell.—Avaunt ye base-born hinds !  
Whose fates unkind ne'er destin'd you to gorge  
The banquet rare, or wage a pleasing war  
With the delicious morsels of the earth.  
To you I sing not : for, alas ! what pain,  
What tantalizing tortures would ensue,  
To aid the force of *Famine*'s sharpest tooth,  
Were I to breathe my accents in your ear !

Hail, ROAST BEEF ! monarch of the festive  
throne,  
To hunger's bane the strongest antidote ;  
Come, and with all thy rage-appeasing sweets  
Our appetites allay ! For, or attended  
By root *Hibernian*, or *plumb-pudding* rare,  
Still thou art welcome to the social board.  
Say, can the spicy gales from *Orient* blown,  
Or zephyr's wing, that from the *orange* groves  
Brushes the breeze, with rich perfumes replete,  
More aromatic or reviving smell  
To nostrils bring ? Or can the glassy streams

Of

Of *Paetolus*, that o'er its golden sands  
 Delightful glide, thy luscious drops outvie,  
 That from thy sides imbrown'd unnumber'd fall?  
 Behold, at thy approach, what smiles serene  
 Beam from the ravish'd guests!—Still are their  
 tongues,

While they with whetted instruments prepare  
 For deep incision.—Now the *abscess* bleeds,  
 And the devouring band, with stomachs keen,  
 And glutting rage, thy beauteous form destroy,  
 Leave you a marrowless skeleton and bare,  
 A prey to dunghills, or vexatious sport  
 Of torrent rushing from *defilement's urns*,  
 That o'er the city's flinty pavement hurls.

So fares it with the man, whose powerful pelf  
 Once could command respect. Caress'd by all,  
 His bounties were as lavish as the hand  
 Of yellow *Ceres*, till his stores decay'd,  
 And then (O dismal tale!) those precious drops  
 Of flattery that bedew'd his spring of fortune,  
 Leave the sad winter of his state so fall'n,  
 Nor nurſe the thorn from which they ne'er can  
 hope  
 Again to pluck the odour-dropping rose!

For thee, *Roast Beef!* in variegated shapes,  
 Have mortals toil'd.—The *sailor* sternly braves

The

The strength of *Boreas*, and exulting stands  
 Upon the sea-wash'd deck—with hopes inspir'd  
 Of yet indulging in thy wish'd for sweets,  
 He smiles amidst the dangers that surround him;  
 Cheerful he steers to cold forbidden climes,  
 Or to the torrid zone explores his way.

Be kind, ye *Powers!* and still propitious send  
 This paragon of feeding to our halls;  
 With this regal'd, who would vain-glorious wish  
 For tow'ring pyramids superbly crown'd,  
 With *jellies*, *syllabubs*, or *ice-creams* rare?  
 These can amuse the eye, and may bestow  
 A short-liv'd pleasure to a palate strange;  
 But, for a moment's pleasure, who would vend  
 A life-time that would else be spent in joy,  
 For hateful *loathings* and for *gouty rheums*,  
 Ever preceded by indulg'd excess?

Blest be those walls where **HOSPITALITY**  
 And welcome reign at large! There may you oft  
 Of social cheer partake, and love, and joy,  
 Pleasures that to the human mind convey  
 Ideal pictures of the bliss supreme:  
 But near the gate where *Parsimony* dwells,  
 Where *Ceremony* cool, and brow austere,  
 Confront the guests, ne'er let thy foot approach!  
 For, void of kind *Benevolence*, heavenly virtue!

What

What is life's garden but a devious wild,  
 Thro' which the traveller must pass forlorn,  
 Unguided by the aid of friendship's ray ?  
 Rather, if poverty hold converse with thee,  
 To the lone *garret's* lofty bield ascend,  
 Or dive to some sad cell; there have recourse  
 To meagre *offals*, where, tho' small thy fare,  
 Freedom shall wing thee to a purer joy  
 Than banquets with superfluous dainties crown'd,  
 Mix'd with reserve and coolness, can afford.

But, if your better fortunes have prepar'd  
 Your purse with *ducats*, and with health thy  
 frame,  
 Asssemble, friends ! and to the tavern straight,  
 Where the officious *drawer*, bending low,  
 Is passive to a fault. Then, nor the *Signior Grand*,  
 Or Russia's empress, signaliz'd for war,  
 Can govern with more arbitrary sway.

Ye who for health, for exercise, for air,  
 Oft saunter from *Edina's* smoke-capt spires,  
 And, by the grassy hill or dimpl'd brook,  
 An appetite revive, should oft-times stray  
 O'er *Arthur's-seat's* green pastures, to the town  
 For *sheep-heads* and bone-bridges fam'd of yore,  
 That in our country's annals stands yclept  
 Fair *Duddingstonia*, where you may be blest .

With

With simple fare and vegetable sweets,  
Freed from the clamours of the busy world.

Or, if for recreation you should stray  
To *Leithian* shore, and breathe the keener air  
Wafted from Neptune's empire of the main ;  
If appetite invite, and cash prevail,  
Ply not your joints upon the homeward track,  
Till *LAWSON*, chiefest of the Scottish hosts !  
To nimble-footed waiters give command  
The cloth to lay.—Instinctively they come,  
And lo ! the table, wrapt in cloudy steams,  
Groans with the weight of the transporting fare  
That breathes frankincense on the guests around.

Now, while stern *Winter* holds his frigid sway,  
And to a period spins the closing year ;  
While festivals abound, and sportive hours  
Kill the remembrance of our weaning time,  
Let not *intemperance*, destructive fiend !  
Gain entrance to your halls.—Despoil'd by him,  
Shall cloyed appetite, forerunner sad  
Of rank disease, inveterate clasp your frame.  
Contentment shall no more be known to spread  
Her cherub wings round thy once happy dwelling,  
But misery of thought, and racking pain,  
Shall plunge you headlong to the dark abyss.

T E A.

## T E A. A POEM.

YE maidens modest! on whose fullen brows  
 Hath weaning chastity her wrinkles cull'd,  
 Who constant labour o'er consumptive oil,  
 At midnight knell, to wash sleep's nightly balm  
 From closing eye-lids, with the grateful drops  
 Of TEA's blest juices; list th' obsequious lays  
 That come not with Parnassian honours crown'd  
 To dwell in murmurs o'er your sleepy sense,  
 But fresh from Orient blown to chace far off  
 Your *Lethargy*, that dormant *Needles* rous'd  
 May pierce the waving *Mantua*'s silken folds:  
 For many a dame, in chamber sadly pent,  
 Hath this reviving limpid call'd to life;  
 And well it did, to mitigate the frowns  
 Of anger reddening on *Lucinda*'s brow,  
 With flash malignant, that had harbour'd there,  
 If she at masquerade, or play, or ball,  
 Appear'd not in her newest, best attire.  
 But VENUS, goddess of th' eternal smile,  
 Knowing that stormy brows but ill become  
 Fair patterns of her beauty, hath ordain'd  
 Celestial Tea—A fountain that can cure  
 The ills of passion, and can free the *Fair*  
 From frowns and sighs, by disappointment earn'd.

To

To her, ye fair, in adoration bow!  
 Whether at blushing morn, or dewy eve ;  
 Her smoking cordials greet your fragrant board,  
 With Sashong, Congo, or coarse Bohea crown'd.  
 At midnight skies, ye *Mantua-makers*, hail  
 The sacred offering !—For the haughty *Belles*  
 No longer can upbraid your lingering hands  
 With trains upborn aloft by dusky gales  
 That sweep the ball-room—swift they glide along,  
 And, with their failing streamers, catch the eye  
 Of some *Adonis*, mark'd to love a prey,  
 Whose bosom ne'er had panted with a sigh,  
 But for the silken draperies that inclose  
 Graces which nature has by art conceal'd.

Mark well the fair ! observe their modest eye,  
 With all the innocence of beauty blest.  
 Could slander o'er that tongue its power retain  
 Whose breath is music ? Ah, fallacious thought !  
 The surface is Ambrosia's mingled sweets ;  
 But all below is death. At Tea-board met,  
 Attend their pratiling tongues—they scoff—they  
 rail  
 Unbended ; but their darts are chiefly aim'd  
 At some gay *Fair*, whose beauties far eclipse  
 Her dim beholders :—Who with haggard eyes

Would blight those charms where raptures long  
have dwelt  
In extacy, delighted and suffic'd.

In vain hath *Beauty*, with her varied robe,  
Bewow'd her glowing blushes o'er her cheeks,  
And call'd attendant graces to her aid,  
To blend the scarlet and the lilly fair.  
In vain did *Venus* in her fav'rite mould  
Adapt the slender form to *Cupid*'s choice;  
When slander comes; her blasts too fatal prove;  
Pale are those cheeks where youth and beauty  
glow'd,  
Where smiles, where freshmeſſ, and where roses  
grew:  
Ghastly and wan their *Gorgon* picture comes  
With every fury grinning from the looks  
Of frightful monster—*Envy*'s hissing tongue,  
With deepest vengeance wounds, and every  
wound  
With deeper canker, deeper poison teems.

O *GOLD*! thy luring lustre first prevail'd  
On *MAN* to tempt the fretful winds and waves,  
And hunt new fancies. Still thy glaring form  
Bids commerce thrive, and o'er the Indian waves  
O'er-stemming danger draw the lab'ring keel  
From *China*'s coast, to *Britain*'s colder clime

Fraught

Fraught with the fruits and herbage of their vales ;  
 In them whatever vegetable springs,  
 How loathsome and corrupted, triumphs here,  
 The bane of life, of health the sure decay ;  
 Yet, yet we swallow, and extol the draught,  
 Tho' nervous ails should spring, and vap'rish  
 qualms  
 Our senses and our appetites destroy.

Look round, ye *sippers* of the poison'd cup,  
 From foreign plant distill'd ! no more repine  
 That *Nature*, sparing of her sacred sweets,  
 Hath doom'd you in a wilderness to dwell,  
 While round *Britannia's* streams she kindly rears  
*Green Sage* and *Wild Thyme*.—These were sure  
 decreed

As plants of *Britain* to regale her sons  
 With native moisture, more refreshing sweet,  
 And more profuse of health and vigour's balm,  
 Than all the stems that *India* can boast.

*The Sow of FEELING.*

*Well! I protest there's no such thing as dealing  
With these starch'd poets—with these MEN of  
FEELING!*

Epilogue to the Prince of Tunis.

**M**ALIGNANT planets! do ye still combine  
Against this wayward, dreary life of mine!  
Has pitiless oppression—cruel case!

Gain'd sole possession of the human race?

By cruel hands has every virtue bled,

And innocence from men to vultures fled!

Thrice happy, had I liv'd in Jewish time,  
When swallowing pork or pig was doom'd a crime;  
My husband long had blest my longing arms,  
Long, long had known love's sympathetic charms!  
My children too—a little suckling race,  
With all their father growing in their face,  
From their prolific *dam* had ne'er been torn,  
Nor to the bloody stalls of butchers borne.

Ah! luxury! to you my being owes  
Its load of misery—its load of woes!  
With heavy heart I saunter all the day,  
Grunle and murmur all my hours away!

In vain I try to summon old desire,  
 For favourite sports—for wallowing in the mire;  
 Thoughts of my husband—of my children slain,  
 Turn all my wonted pleasure into pain!  
 How oft did we, in Phœbus' warming ray,  
 Bask on the humid softness of the clay?  
 Oft did his lusty head defend my tail,  
 From the rude whispers of the angry gale;  
 While nose-refreshing puddles stream'd around,  
 And floating odours hail'd the dung-clad ground.

Near by a rustic mill's enchanting clack,  
 Where plenteous bushels load the peasant's back;  
 In straw-crown'd hovel, there to life we came,  
 One boar our father, and one sow our dam:  
 While tender infants on their mother's breast,  
 A flame divine on either shone confess;  
 In riper hours love's more than ardent blaze,  
 Inkindled all his passion, all his praise!  
 No deadly, sinful passion stir'd his soul,  
 Virtue o'er all his actions gain'd controul!  
 That cherub which attracts the female heart,  
 And makes them soonest with their beauty part,  
 Attracted mine;—I gave him all my love,  
 In the recesses of a verdant grove:  
 'Twas there I listen'd to his warmest vows,  
 Amidst the pendant melancholy boughs;

'Twas there my trusty lover shook for me  
 A show'r of acorns from the oaken tree;  
 And from the teeming earth, with joy, plough'd out  
 The roots salubrious with his hardy snout.

But happiness, a floating meteor thou,  
 That still inconstant art to man and sow,  
 Left us in gloomiest *horrors* to reside,  
 Near by the deep-dy'd *sanguinary tide*,  
 Where whetting *steel* prepares the butch'ring  
 knives,  
 With greater ease to take the harmless lives  
 Of *cows*, and *calves*, and *sheep*, and *hog*, who  
 fear  
 The bite of bull-dogs, that incessant tear  
 Their flesh, and keenly suck the blood-distilling  
 ear !

At length the day, th' eventful day drew near,  
 Detested cause of many a briny tear !  
 I'll weep till sorrow shall my eye-lids drain,  
 A tender husband, and a brother slain !  
 Alas ! the lovely languor of his eye,  
 When the base murd'lers bore him captive by !  
 His mournful voice ! the music of his groans,  
 Had melted any hearts—but hearts of stones !  
 O ! had some angel at that instant come,  
 Giv'n me four nimble fingers and a thumb,

The

The blood-stain'd blade I'd turn'd upon his foe,  
 And sudden sent him to the shades below—  
 Where, or *Pythagoras'* opinion jests,  
 Beasts are made *butchers*—butchers chang'd to  
 beasts.

In early times the law had wise decreed,  
 For human food but reptiles few should bleed ;  
 But monstrous man, still erring from the laws,  
 The curse of heaven on his banquet draws !  
 Already has he drain'd the marshes dry  
 For *frogs*, new emblems of his luxury ;  
 And soon the *toad* and *lizard* will come home,  
 Pure victims to the hungry glutton's womb :  
*Cats*, *rats*, and *mice*, their destiny may mourn,  
 In time their carcasses on spits must turn ;  
 They may rejoice to-day—while I resign  
 Life, to be number'd 'mongst the *feeling swine*.

*An EXPEDITION to FIFE and the Island of  
 MAY, on board the BLESSED ENDEA-  
 VOUR of Dunbar, Captain ROXBURGH  
 Commander.*

**L**IST, O ye fluniberers on the peaceful shore !  
 Whose lives are one unvariegated calm,  
 Of stillness and of sloth : And hear, O nymph !  
 In heaven yclepit *Pleasure* ; from your throne

Effulgent

Effulgent send a heavenly radiant beam,  
 That, cheer'd by thee, the *Muse* may bend her  
 way ;  
 For from no earthly flight she builds her song,  
 But from the bosom of green Neptune's main  
 Would fain emerge, and under *Phœbe*'s reign,  
 Transmit her numbers to inclining ears.

Now when the choiring songsters quit the  
 groves,  
 And solemn sounding whisp'ring lull the spray,  
 To meditation sacred, let me roam  
 O'er the blest floods that wash our natal shore,  
 And view the wonders of the *deep* profound,  
 While now the western breezes reign around,  
 And *Boreas*, sleeping in his iron cave,  
 Regains his strength and animated rage,  
 To wake new *tempests*, and inswell new *seas*.

And now *Favonius* wings the sprightly gale ;  
 The willing canvas, swelling with the breeze,  
 Gives life and motion to our bounding prow,  
 While the hoarse *boatwain*'s pipe shrill sounding  
 far,

Calls all the tars to action. *Hardy sons !*  
 Who shudder not at life's devouring gales,  
 But smile amidst the tempest's sounding jars,  
 Or 'midst the hollow thunders of the war :

Fresh sprung from *Greenland's* cold, they hail  
 with joy  
 The happier clime, the fresh autumnal breeze  
 By *Syrius* guided to allay the heat  
 That else would parch the vigour of their veins.  
 Hard change, alas! from petrifying cold  
 Instant to plunge to the severest ray  
 That burping *Dog-star* or bright *Phœbus* sheds.  
 Like *comet* whirling thro' th' ethereal void,  
 Now they are redden'd with the solar blaze,  
 Now froze and tortur'd by the frigid zone.

Thrice happy Britons! whose well temper'd  
 clay  
 Can face all climes, all tempests, and all seas.  
 These are the sons that check the growing war;  
 These are the sons that hem *Britannia* round  
 From sudden innovation; awe the shores,  
 And make their drooping pendants hail her queen  
 And mistress of the globe.—They guard our beds,  
 While fearless we enjoy secure repose,  
 And all the blessings of a bounteous sky.  
 To them in ferv'rous adoration bend,  
 Ye fashion'd *Macaronies*! whose bright blades  
 Were never dimm'd or stain'd with hostile blood,  
 But still hang dangling on your feeble thigh,  
 While thro' the *Mall* or *Park* you shew away,  
 Or thro' the drawing-room on tiptoe steal.

On poop aloft, to *messmates* laid along,  
 Some son of Neptune, whose old wrinkl'd brow  
 Has bay'd the rattling thunder, tells his tale  
 Of dangers, sieges, and of battles dire,  
 While they, elate with success of the day,  
 Cheer him with happy smiles, or bitter sighs,  
 When fortune with a sourer aspect grins.

Ah ! how unstable are the joys of life ?  
 The pleasures, ah ! how few ?—Now smile the  
 skies

With visage mild, and now the thunders shake,  
 And all the radiance of the heavens deflow'r.  
 Thro' the small op'ning of the mainsail broad,  
 Lo, *Boreas* steals, and tears him from the yard,  
 Where long and lasting he has play'd his part !  
 So suffers *Virtue*. When in her fair form  
 The smallest flaw is found, the whole decays.  
 In vain she may implore with piteous eye,  
 And spread her naked pinions to the blast :  
 A reputation maim'd finds no repair  
 Till death, the ghastly monarch, shuts the scene.

And now we gain the *May*, whose midnight  
 light,  
 Like vestal virgins' off'rings undecay'd,  
 To mariners bewilder'd acts the part

Of

Of social friendship, guiding those that err  
 With kindly radiance to their destin'd port.

Thanks, kindest Nature ! for those floating  
 gems,

Those green-grown isles, with which you lavish  
 strew

Great Neptune's empire. But for thee ! the main  
 Were an uncomfortable mazy flood.

No guidance then would bless the steersman's skill,  
 No resting place would crown the mar'ner's wish,  
 When he to distant gales his canvas spreads,  
 To search new wonders.—Here the verdant shores  
 Teem with new freshness, and regale our sight  
 With caves that antient time, in days of yore,  
 Sequester'd for the haunt of *Drauid* lone,  
 There to remain in solitary cell,  
 Beyond the power of mortals to disjoin  
 From holy meditation.—Happy now  
 To cast our eyes around from shore to shore,  
 While by the oozy caverns on the beech  
 We wander wild, and listen to the roar  
 Of billows murmuring with incessant noise.

And now, by fancy led, we wander wild  
 Where o'er the rugged steep the buried dead  
 Remote lie anchor'd in their parent mould ;  
 Where a few fading willows point the state

Of man's decay. Ah, death! where-e'er we fly,  
 Whether we seek the busy and the gay,  
 The mourner or the joyful, there art thou,  
 No distant isle, no surly swelling surge,  
 E'er aw'd thy progress, or controul'd thy sway,  
 To bless us with that comfort, *length of days*,  
 By all aspir'd at, but by few attain'd.

To *Fife* we steer, of all beneath the sun  
 The most unhallow'd 'midst the *Scotian* plains!  
 And here, sad emblem of deceitful times!  
 Hath sad hypocrisy her standard borne.  
 Mirth knows no residence, but ghastly fear  
 Stands trembling and appall'd at airy sights.  
**ONCE**, only *only once!* Reward it, O ye powers!  
 Did *Hospitality*, with open face,  
 And winning smile, cheer the deserted sight,  
 That else had languish'd for the blest return  
 Of beauteous day, to dissipate the clouds  
 Of endles's night, and superstition wild,  
 That constant hover o'er the dark abode.  
 O happy *Lothian*! Happy thrice her sons!  
 Who ne'er yet ventur'd from the southern shore  
 To tempt misfortune on the *Fisan* coast,  
 Again with thee we dwell and taste thy joys,  
 Where sorrow reigns not, and where every gale  
 Is fraught with fullnes, blest with living hope,  
 That fears no canker from the year's decay.

To Sir JOHN FIELDING, on his Attempt to  
suppress the BEGGAR's OPERA.

When you censure the age,  
Be cautious and sage,  
Lest the courtiers offended should be ;  
When you mention vice or bribe,  
'Tis so pat to all the tribe,  
Each cries, It was levell'd at me.

GAY.

'Tis woman that seduces all mankind.

FILCH.

BENEATH what cheerful region of the sky  
Shall *Wit*, shall *Humour*, and the *Muses* fly ?  
For *Our's*, a cold, inhospitable clime,  
Refuses quarter to the muse and rhyme,  
If on her brows an envy'd laurel springs,  
They shake its foliage, crop her growing wings,  
That with the *Plumes* of virtue wisely soar,  
And all the follies of the age explore ;  
But should old *Grub* her rankest venom pour,  
And ev'ry virtue with a vice deflow'r,  
Her verse is sacred, *Justices* agree ;  
Even *Justice Fielding* signs the wise decree.

L

Let

Let fortune-dealers, wise predictors! tell  
 From what bright planet *Justice Fielding* fell;  
*Augusta* trembles at the awful name;  
 The darling tongue of liberty is tame,  
 Basely confin'd by him in *Newgate* chains,  
 Nor dare exclaim how harshly Fielding reigns.

In days when every *Mercer* has his *scale*,  
 To tell what *Pieces* lack, how few prevail!  
 I wonder not the low-born menial trade,  
 By partial *Justice* has aside been laid:  
 For she gives no discount for *Virtue* worn,  
 Her aged joints are without mercy torn.

In vain, O GAY! thy muse explor'd the way  
Of yore to banish the Italian lay,  
 Gave homely numbers sweet, tho' warmly strong;  
 The *British* chorus blest the happy song;  
 Thy manly voice and *Albion*'s then were heard,  
 Felt by her sons, and by her sons rever'd:  
*Eunuchs*, not *Men*, now bear aloft the palm,  
 And o'er our senses pour lethargic balm.

The Stage the truest mirror is of life;  
 Our passions there revolve in active strife;  
 Each character is there display'd to view;  
 Each hates his own, tho' well assur'd 'tis true.  
 No marvel then, that all the world should own,  
 In *Peachum's* treach'ry *Justice Fielding* known,

Since

Since *thieves* so common are, and, *Justice*, you  
*Thieves* to the *gallows* for reward pursue.

Had **G A Y** by writing rous'd the stealing trade,  
 You'd been less active to suppress your bread ;  
 Far, trust me ! when a *robber* loses ground,  
 You lose your living with your *forty pound*.

'Twas *W oman* first that snatch'd the luring bait,  
 The temper taught her to transgress and eat ;  
 Tho' wrong the deed, her quick compunction told ;  
 She banish'd **A D A M** from an age of *gold*.

When women now transgres fair virtue's rules,  
 Men are their pupils, and the stews their schools ;  
 From simple wh—d—m greater sins began  
 To shoot, to bloom, to center all in man ;  
 Footpads on *Hounslow* flourish here to-day,  
 The next old *Tyburn* sweeps them all away ;  
 For woman's faults, the cause of every wrong !  
 Men robb'd and murder'd, thieves at *Tyburn*  
 strung.

In panting breasts to raise the fond alarm,  
 Make females in the cause of virtue warm,  
**G A Y** has compar'd them to the summer flow'r,  
 The boast and glory of an idle hour ;  
 When cropp'd it falls, shrinks, withers, and decays,  
 And to oblivion dark configns its days.

Hath this a power to win the female heart  
 Back from its vice, from virtue ne'er to part ;  
 If so the wayward virgin will restore,  
 And *murders, rapes and plunders* be no more.

These were the days of him who virtue knew,  
 Rever'd her dictates, and practis'd them too ;  
 No idle theorist in her stainless ways,  
 He gave the parent Goddess all his days.

O *Queensberry* ! his best and earliest friend,  
 ALL that his wit or learning could command ;  
 Best of *patrons* ! the Muse's only pride !  
 Still in her pageant shalt thou first preside ;  
 No idle pomp that riches can procure,  
 Sprung at a start, and faded in an hour,  
 But pageant, lasting as the uncropp'd bay,  
 That verdant triumphs with the Muse of **GAY**.

CHARACTER of a FRIEND, in an EPI-  
 TAPH which he desired the Author to write.

UNDER this turf, to mould'ring earth consign'd,  
 Lies he, who once was fickle as the wind.  
 Alike the scenes of good and ill he knew,  
 From the chaste temple to the lewdest stew.  
 Virtue and vice in him alternate reign'd ;  
 That fill'd his mind, and this his pocket drain'd.  
 Till in the contest they so stubborn grew,  
 Death gave the parting blow, and both withdrew.

To

To Dr SAMUEL JOHNSON

*Food for a new Edition of his DICTIONARY.*

*Let Wilkes and Churchill rage no more,  
Tho' scarce provision, learning's good;  
What can these hungries next implore,  
E'en SAMUEL JOHNSON loves our food.*

**G**REAT *Pedagogue*, whose literarian lore,  
With *syllable* and *syllable* conjoin'd,  
To transmutate and varyfy, has learn'd  
The whole revolving scientific names  
That in the alphabetic columns lie,  
Far from the knowledge of mortalic shapes;  
As we, who never can peroculate  
The miracles by thee miraculiz'd,  
The Muse silential long, with mouth apert  
Would give vibration to stagnatic tongue,  
And loud encomiate thy puissant name,  
Eulogiated from the green decline  
Of Thames's banks to Scoticanian shores,  
Where *Loch-lomondian* liquids undulize.

To meminate thy name in after times,  
The mighty Mayor of each regalian town

Shall consignate thy work to parchment fair  
 In roll burgharian, and their tables all  
 Shall funigate with fumigation strong :  
*Scotland*, from perpendicularian hills,  
 Shall emigrate her fair *mttonian* store,  
 Which late had there in pedestrion walk'd,  
 And o'er her airy heights perambuliz'd.

Oh, blackest execrations on thy head,  
*Edina* shameles ! tho' he came within  
 The bounds of your *Notation* ; tho' you knew  
 His *Honorific* name, you noted not,  
 But basely suffer'd him to chariotize  
 Far from your tow'rs, with smocke that nubilate,  
 Nor drank one amicital swelling cup  
 To welcome him convivial, *Bailies* all !  
 With rage inflated, catenations\* tear,  
 Nor ever after be you vinculiz'd,  
 Since you that sociability denied  
 To him whose potent Lexiphanian stile  
 Words can *prolongate*, and inflow his page  
 With what in others to a line's confin'd.

Welcome, thou verbal potentate and prince ?  
 To hills and vallies, where emerging oats  
 From earth affuege our pauperty to bay,  
 And bles<sup>s</sup> thy name, thy dictionarian skill,

Which

\* Catenations, *vide* chains. JOHNSON.

Which there definitive will still remain,  
And oft be speculiz'd by taper blue,  
While youth *studentious* turn thy felie page.

Have you as yet, in per'patetic mood,  
Regarded with the texture of the eye  
The *cave cavernick*, where fraternal bard,  
*Churchill*, depicted pauperated swains  
With thraldom and bleak want, reducted sore ;  
Where Nature, coloriz'd, so coarsely fades,  
And puts her russet par'phernalia on ?  
Have you as yet the way explorified  
To let lignarian chalice, swell'd with oats,  
Thy orofice approach ? Have you as yet,  
With skin fresh rubified by scarlet spheres,  
Apply'd *brimstonic unction* to your hide,  
To terrify the *salamandrian fire*  
That from involuntary digits aks  
The strong allaceration ? — Or can you swill  
The *usquebalian* flames of *whisky* blue  
In fermentation strong ? Have you apply'd  
The kelt aerian to your Anglian thighs,  
And with renunciation assigniz'd  
Your breeches in *Londona* to be worn ?  
Can you, in frigor of Highlandian sky,  
On heathy summits take nocturnal rest ?  
It cannot be — You may as well desire

An alderman leave *plumb-pudding* store,  
 And scratch the tegument from pottage-dish,  
 As bid thy countrymen, and thee conjoin'd,  
 Forsake stomachic joys. Then hie you home,  
 And be a malcontent, that naked hinds,  
 On lentiles fed, can make your kingdom quake,  
 And tremulate Old England libertiz'd!

**EPIGRAM on seeing SCALES used in a  
MASON LODGE.**

**W**HY should the Brethren, met in Lodge,  
 Adopt such awkward measures,  
 To set their scales and weights to judge  
 The value of their treasures?  
 The law laid down from age to age,  
 How can they well o'ercome it?  
 For it forbids them to engage  
 With ought but Line and Plummets.

**EPITAPH on General WOLFE.**

**I**N worth exceeding, and in virtue great,  
 Words would want force his actions to relate.  
 Silence, ye bards! eulogiums vain forbear,  
 It is enough to say that **WOLFE lies here.**

**EPIGRAM**

EPIGRAM on the numerous EPITAPHS for  
General WOLFE; for the best of which a PRE-  
MIUM of £. 100. was promised.

THE Muse, a shameless mercenary jade!  
Has now assum'd the arch-tongu'd lawyer's  
trade :  
In WOLFE's deserving praises silent she,  
Till flatter'd with the prospect of a fee.

EPILOGUE, spoken by Mr. WILSON, at the  
Theatre-royal, in the Character of an EDINBURGH  
BUCK.

YE who oft finish care in Lethe's cup,  
Who love to swear, and roar, and keep it up,  
List to a brother's voice, whose sole delight  
Is sleep all day, and riot all the night.

Last night, when potent draughts of mellow  
wine  
Did sober reason into wit refine ;  
When lusty *Bacchus* had contriv'd to drain  
The sullen vapours from our shallow brain,  
We fallied forth (for valour's dazzling sun  
Up to his bright meridian had run) ;  
And, like renowned Quixotte and his squire,  
Spoils and adventures were our sole desire.

First

First we approach'd a seeming sober dame,  
 Preceded by a lanthorn's pallid flame,  
 Borne by a livery'd puppy's servile hand,  
 The slave obsequious of her stern command.  
 Curse on those cits, said I, who dare disgrace  
 Our streets at midnight with a sober face ;  
 Let never tallow-chandler give them light,  
 To guide them thro' the dangers of the night.  
 The valet's cane we snatch'd, and, demme ! I  
 Made the frail lanthorn on the pavement lie.  
 The guard, still watchful of the lieges harm,  
 With slow-pac'd motion stalk'd at the alarm.  
 Guard, seize the rogues ! — the angry madam cry'd,  
 And all the guard with *sieze ta rogue* reply'd.

As in a war, there's nothing judg'd so right  
 As a concerted and prudential flight ;  
 So we, from guard and scandal to be freed,  
 Left them the field and burial of their dead.

Next we approach'd the bounds of *George's square*,  
 Blest place ! No watch, no constables come there.  
 Now had they borrow'd *Argus'* eyes who saw us,  
 All was made dark and desolate as chaos :  
 Lamps tumbl'd after lamps, and lost their lustres,  
 Like Doomesday, when the stars shall fall in clusters.

Let

Let fancy paint what dazzling glory grew  
 From chrystral gems, when Phœbus came in view :  
 Each shatter'd *orb* ten thousand fragments strews,  
 And a new sun in ev'ry fragment shews.

Hear then, my Bucks ! how drunken fate de-  
 creed us

For a nocturnal visit to the *Meadows*,  
 And how we, val'rous champions ! durst engage—  
 O deed unequall'd !—both the *Bridge* and *Cage*,  
 The rage of perilous winters which had stood,  
 This 'gainst the wind, and that against the flood ;  
 But what nor wind, nor flood, nor heav'n could  
 bend e'er,

We tumbl'd down, my Bucks, and made surren-  
 der.

What are your far fam'd warriors to us,  
 'Bout whom historians make such mighty fuzz :  
 Posterity may think it was uncommon  
 That *Troy* should be pillag'd for a woman ;  
 But ours your ten years sieges will excel,  
 And justly be esteem'd the nonpareil.  
 Our cause is slighter than a dame's betrothing,  
 For all these mighty feats have sprung from no-  
 thing.

My

## MY LAST WILL.

WHILE sober folks, in humble *prose*,  
 Estate, and goods, and gear dispose,  
 A poet surely may disperse  
 His *moveables* in *doggrel verse* ;  
 And fearing death my blood will fast chill,  
 I hereby constitute my last *will*.

Then *wit ye me* to have made o'er  
 To *Nature* my *poetic* lore ;  
 To her I give and grant the freedom  
 Of paying to the bards who need 'em  
 As many talents as she gave,  
 When I became the *Muse's* slave.

Thanks to the gods, who made me poor !  
 No *luke-warm* friends molest my door,  
 Who always shew a busy care  
 For being legatee or heir :  
 Of this stamp none will ever follow  
 The youth that's favour'd by Apollo.

But to those few who know my case,  
 Nor thought a *poet's friend* *disgrace*,  
 The following trifles I bequeath,  
 And leave them with my kindest breath ;  
 Nor will I burden them with payment  
 Of debts incur'd, or coffin raiment,

As

As yet 'twas never my intent  
To pass an Irish compliment.

To JAMIE RAE, who oft *jocosus*  
With me partook of cheering doses,  
I leave my snuff-box to regale  
His senses after drowsy meal,  
And wake remembrance of a friend  
Who lov'd him to his latter end :  
But if this pledge shou'd make him sorry,  
And argue like *memento mori*,  
He may bequeath't 'mong stubborn fellows  
To all the finer feelings callous,  
Who think that parting breath's a sneeze  
To set sensations all at ease.

To OLIPHANT, my friend, I legate  
Those scrolls poetic which he may get,  
With ample freedom to correct  
Those writs I ne'er cou'd retrospect,  
With power to him and his succession  
To print and sell a new impression :  
And here I fix on *Offian's Head*  
A domicile for Doric recd,  
With as much power *ad Musæ bona*  
As I in *propria persona*.

To HAMILTON I give the task  
Outstanding debts to crave and ask ;

M

And

And that my Muse he may not dub ill,  
 For loading him with so much trouble,  
 My debts I leave him *singulatim*,  
 As they are mostly *desperatim*.

To Woods, whose genius can provoke  
 His passions to the bowl or sock,  
 For love to thee, and to the nine,  
 Be my immortal Shakespeare thine :  
 Here may you thro' the alleys turn,  
 Where Falstaff laughs, where heroes mourn,  
 And boldly catch the glowing fire  
 That dwells in raptures on his lyre.

Now at my dirge (if dirge there be !)  
 Due to the Muse and poetry,  
 Let HUTCHISON attend ; for none is  
 More fit to guide the ceremonies ;  
 As I in health with him wou'd often  
 This clay-built mansion wash, and soften,  
 So let my friends with him partake  
 The gen'rcus wine at dirge or wake.—

And I consent to registration  
 Of this my will for preservation,  
 That patent it may be, and seen  
 In WALTER's Weekly Magazine.

Witness

Witness whereof, these presents wrote are  
 By *William Blair*, the public notar,  
 And, for the tremor of my hand,  
 Are sign'd by him at my command.

R. F. + his *Mark*.

CODICILE to ROB. FEREGUSSON's LAST  
 WILL.

WHEREAS, by test'ment, dated *blank*,  
 Inroll'd in the poetic rank,  
 'Midst brighter themes that weekly come  
 To make parade at *Walter's DRUM*,  
 I there, for certain weighty causes,  
 Produc'd some kind bequeathing clauses,  
 And left to friends (as 'tis the custom  
 With nothing till our death to trust 'em)  
 Some tokens of a pure regard  
 From one who liv'd and died a Bard.

If poverty has any crime in  
 Teaching mankind the art of rhiming,  
 Then, by these presents, know all mortals  
 Who come within the MUSES' *portals*,  
 That I approve my will aforesaid,  
 But think that something might be more said,  
 And only now would humbly seek  
 The liberty to add and eik

To test'ment which already made is,  
And duly register'd, as said is.

To *Tulloch* \*, who, in kind compassion,  
Departed from the common fashion,  
And gave to me, who never paid it,  
Two flasks of port upon my credit,  
I leave the FLASKS as full of air  
As his of ruddy moisture were ;  
Nor let him to complain begin,  
He'll get no more of cat than skin.

To WALTER RUDDIMAN, whose pen  
Still screen'd me from the *Dunce's Den*,  
I leave of PHIZ a picture, saving  
To him the freedom of engraving  
Therefrom a copy, to embellish,  
And give his work a smarter relish ;  
For prints and frontispieces bind do  
Our eyes to stationary window,  
As superfluities in cloaths  
Set off and signalize the beaux ;  
Not that I think in readers' eyes  
My visage will be deem'd a prize ;  
But works that OTHERS would out-rival,  
At glaring copperplates connive all ;

And

\* A wine merchant.

And prints do well with him that led is  
 To shun the substance, hunt the shadows;  
 For if a picture, 'tis enough,  
 A **NEWTON** or a *Jamie Duff*†:  
 Nor would I recommend to **WALTER**,  
 This scheme of copperplates to alter,  
 Since others at the samen prices  
 Propose to give a dish that nice is,  
 Folks will desert his ordinary,  
 Unles, like theirs, his dishes vary.

To *Williamson* ‡, and his refettors,  
 Dispersing of the burial letters,  
 That they may pass with little cost  
 Fleet on the wings of Penny-post;  
 Always providing and declaring,  
 That **PETER** shall be ever sparing,  
 To make, *as use is*, the demand  
 For letters that may come to hand,  
 To me address'd, while *locum tenens*  
 Of earth and of corporeal penance;  
 Where, if he fail, it is my will,  
 His legacy is *void* and *null*.

† *A Fool who attends at Funerals.*

‡ *The Penny Post-master.*

Let honest *Greenlaw* \* be the staff  
 On which I lean for *Epitaph*.  
 And that the Muses at my end  
 May know I had a learned friend,  
 Whate'er of character he's seen  
 In me thro' humour or chagrin,  
 I crave his genius may narrate in  
 The strength of *Ciceronian Latin*.

RESERVING to myself the pow'r  
 To alter this at latest hour,  
*Cum privilegio revocare*,  
 Without assigning *ratio quare* :  
 AND I (as in the will before did)  
 Consent this deed shall be recorded :  
*In testimonium cuius rei*,  
 These presents are deliver'd by

R. FERGUSON.

\* An excellent classical Scholar.

POSTHUMOUS

## POSTHUMOUS PIECES.

### J O B, C H A P. III. P A R A P R H A S E D.

PERISH the fatal DAY when I was born,  
 The NIGHT with dreary darkness be forlorn ;  
 The loathed, hateful, and lamented night  
 When JOB, 'twas told, had first perceiv'd the light ;  
 Let it be dark, nor let the GOD on high  
 Regard it with the favour of his eye ;  
 Let blackest darkness and death's awful shade  
 Stain it, and make the trembling earth afraid ;  
 Be it not join'd unto the varying year,  
 Nor to the fleeting months in swift career.  
 Lo ! Let the night in solitude's dismay  
 Be dumb to joy, and waste in gloom away ;  
 On it may twilight stars be never known ;  
 Light let it wish for, Lord ! but give it none ;  
 Curse it let them who curse the passing day,  
 And to the voice of mourning raise the lay ;

Nor

Nor ever be the face of dawning seen,  
 To ope its lustre on th' enamel'd green ;  
 Because it seal'd not up my *mother's womb*,  
 Nor hid from me the **SORROWS** doom'd to come.  
 Why have I not from *mother's womb* expir'd ?  
 My life resign'd when life was first requir'd ?  
 Why did supporting knees prevent my death,  
 Or sucking breasts sustain my infant breath ?  
 For now my soul with quiet had been blest,  
 With kings and counsellors of earth at rest,  
 Who bade the house of desolation rise,  
 And awful ruin strike tyrannic eyes,  
 Or with the princes unto whom were told  
 Rich store of silver and corrupting gold ;  
 Or, as untimely birth, I had not been  
 Like infant who the light hath never seen ;  
 For there the wicked from their trouble cease,  
 And there the weary find their lasting peace ;  
 There the poor prisoners together rest,  
 Nor by the hand of injury opprest ;  
 The small and great together mingl'd are,  
 And free the servant from his master there ;  
 Say, Wherefore has an over-bounteous heaven  
 Light to the comfortless and wretched given ?  
 Why should the troubl'd and oppress'd in soul  
 Fret over restless life's unsettled bowl,

Who

Who long for death, who lists not to their pray'r,  
 And dig as for the treasures hid afar ;  
 Who with excess of joy are blest and glad,  
 Rejoic'd when in the tomb of silence laid ?  
 Why then is grateful light bestow'd on man,  
 Whose life is darkness, all his days a span ?  
 For 'ere the morn return'd my sighing came,  
 My mourning pour'd out as the mountain stream ;  
 Wild visag'd fear, with sorrow-mingled eye,  
 And wan destruction piteous star'd me nigh ;  
 For though nor rest nor safety blest my soul,  
 New trouble came, new darkness, new controul.

## O D E T O H O R R O R.

O Thou who with incessant gloom  
 Court'st the recess of midnight tomb !  
 Admit me of thy mournful throng,  
 The scattered woods and wilds among ;  
 If e'er thy discontented ear  
 The voice of *sympathy* can clear,  
 My melancholy bosom's sigh  
 Shall to your mournful plaint reply ;  
 There to the fear foreboding owl  
 The angry *Furies* hiss and howl ;  
 Or near the mountain's pendent brow  
 Where rush-clad streams in cadent murmurs flow.

E P O D E.

## E P O D E.

WHO's he that with imploring eye  
 Salutes the rosy dawning sky ?  
 The cock proclaims the morn in vain,  
 His sp'rit to drive to its domain ;  
 For morning light can but return  
 To bid the wretched wail and mourn :  
 Not the bright dawning's purple eye  
 Can cause the frightful vapours fly,  
 Nor sultry Sol's meridian throne  
 Can bid surrounding fears begone ;  
 The gloom of night will still preside,  
 While angry conscience stares on either side.

## S T R O P H E.

TO ease his sore distemper'd head,  
 Sometimes upon the rocky bed  
 Reclin'd he lies, to list the sound  
 Of whispering reed in vale profound.  
 Happy if *Morpheus* visits there,  
 A while to lull his woe and care ;  
 Send sweeter fancies to his aid,  
 And teach him to be undismay'd ;  
 Yet wretched still, for when no more  
 The gods their opiate balsam pour,

Ah

Ah, me ! he starts, and views again  
The Lybian monster prance along the plain.

Now from the oozing caves he flies,  
And to the city's *tumults* hies,  
Thinking to frolick life away,  
Be ever *cheerful*, ever *gay* :  
But tho' enwrapt in noise and smoke,  
They ne'er can heal his peace when broke ;  
His fears arise, he sighs again  
For solitude on rural plain ;  
Even there his wishes all conveen  
To bear him to his noise again.  
Thus tortur'd, rack'd, and sore opprest,  
He constant hunts, but never finds his rest.

#### A N T I S T R O P H E.

Oh exercise ! thou healing power,  
The toiling rustic's chiefest dower ;  
Be thou with parent virtue join'd  
To queil the tumults of the mind ;  
Then *man* as much of joy can share  
From ruffian winter, bleakly bare,  
As from the pure æthereial blaze  
That wantons in the summer rays ;  
The humble cottage then can bring  
*Content*, the comfort of a king ;

And

And gloomy mortals wish no more  
For wealth and idleness to make them poor.

### ODE TO DISSAPPOINTMENT.

**T**HOU joyless fiend, life's constant foe,  
Sad *source* of care and *spring* of woe,  
Soft pleasure's hard controul ;  
Her gayest haunts for ever nigh,  
Stern mistress of the secret sigh,  
That swells the murmur'ring soul.

#### II.

Why haunt'st thou me thro' desarts drear ?  
With grief-swoln sounds why wound my ear,  
Denied to *pity's* aid ?  
Thy visage wan did e'er I woo,  
Or at thy feet in homage bow,  
Or court thy fallen shade.

#### III.

Even now enchanted scenes abound,  
Elysian glories strew the ground,  
To lure th' astonish'd eyes ;  
Now *Horrors*, *Hell*, and *Furies* reign,  
And desolate the fairy scene  
Of all its gay disguise.

#### IV.

## IV.

The passions, at thy urgent call,  
 Our *reasons* and our *sense* intrall  
     In frenzy's fetters strong.  
 And now *despair* with lurid eye  
 Doth meagre *poverty* discry,  
     Subdu'd by famine long.

## V.

The lover flies the haunts of day,  
 In gloomy woods and wilds to stray,  
     There shuns his *Jeffy*'s scorn ;  
 Sad sisters of the sighing grove  
 Attune their lyres to hapless love,  
     Dejected and forlorn.

## VI.

Yet *hope* undaunted wears thy *chain*,  
 And *smiles* amidst the growing *pain*,  
     Nor fears thy sad dismay ;  
 Unaw'd by power her fancy flies  
 From earth's dim *orb* to purer skies,  
     *Realms* of endless *day*.

## D I R G E.

THE waving yew or cypress wreath  
 In vain bequeathe the mighty tear ;  
 In vain the awful pomp of death  
 Attends the sable shrouded bier.

## II.

Since *Strephon's* virtue's sunk to rest,  
 Nor pity's sigh, nor sorrow's strain,  
 Nor magic tongue, have e'er confess'd  
 Our wounded bosom's secret pain.

## III.

The just, the good, more honours share  
 In what the conscious heart bestows,  
 Than *vice* adorn'd with sculptor's care,  
 In all the venal pomp of woes.

## IV.

A sad-ey'd mourner at his tomb,  
 Thou, Friendship ! pay thy rites divine,  
 And echo thro' the midnight gloom  
 That *Strephon's* early fall was thine.

H O R A C E,

## HORACE, ODE XI. Lib. I.

**N**E'ER fash your *thumb* what *gods* decree  
 To be the *weird* o' you or me,  
 Nor deal in *cantrup*'s kittle cunning  
 To speir how fast your days are tunning,  
 But patient lippen for the *best*,  
 Nor be in *dowy thought* opprest,  
 Whether we see mare winters come  
 Than this that spits wi' canker'd foam.

Now moisten weel your *geyzen'd wa'as*  
 Wi' couthy friends and *hearty blaws* ;  
 Ne'er lat your *hope* o'ergang your *days*,  
 For *eild* and *thraldom* never stays ;  
 The day looks *gash*, toot aff your *horn*,  
 Nor care yae *strae* about the *morn*.

## THE AUTHOR's LIFE.

**M**Y life is like the flowing stream  
 That glides where summer's beauties teem,  
 Meets all the *riches* of the gale  
 That on its watry bosom sail,  
 And wanders 'midst Elysian groves  
 Thro' all the haunts that fancy loves.

May I, when drooping days decline,  
 And 'gainst those genial streams combine,  
 The winter's sad decay forfake,  
 And center in my parent lake.

## S O N G.

SINCE brightest beauty soon must fade,  
 That in life's spring so long has roll'd,  
 And wither in the drooping shade,  
 E'er it return to native mould :

## II.

Ye virgins, seize the fleeting hour,  
 In time catch Cytherea's joy,  
 E're age your wonted smiles deflower,  
 And hopes of love and life annoy.

EPGRAM on a LAWYER's desiring one of the  
 TRIBE to look with respect to a GIBBET.

THE lawyers may revere that tree  
 Where thieves so oft have strung,  
 Since, by the Law's most wise decree,  
 Her thieves are never hung.

On

*On the AUTHOR's intention of going to SEA.*

FORTUNE and BOB, e'er since his birth,  
 Could never yet agree,  
 She fairly kickt him from the earth  
 To try his fate at sea.

*The VANITY of HUMAN WISHES : An ELEGY,  
 occasioned by the untimely DEATH of a SCOTS  
 POET.*

*Quis desiderio sit pudor, aut modus,  
 Tam cari capitis? præcipe lugubres  
 Cantos, Melpomene : cui liquidam pater  
 Vocem cum cithara dedit.* HOR.

DARK was the night—and silence reign'd o'er  
 all ;  
 No mirthful sounds urg'd on the ling'ring hour :  
 The sheeted ghost stalk'd thro' the ghastly hall,  
 And ev'ry breast confess'd chill horror's pow'rs,  
 Slumb'ring I lay : I mus'd on human hopes :  
 " Vain, vain, I cry'd, are all the hopes we form ;  
 " When winter comes, the sweetest flow'ret drops,  
 " And oaks themselves must bend before the  
 storm."

While

While thus I spoke, a voice assail'd my ear,  
 'Twas sad—'twas slow—it fill'd my mind with  
 dread!

“ Forbear, it cry'd—thy moral lays forbear,

“ Or change the strain—for FERGUSSON is  
 dead!

“ Have we not seen him sporting on these  
 plains?

“ Have we not heard him strike the Muse's lyre?

“ Have we not felt the magic of his strains,

“ Which often glow'd with fancy's warmest  
 fire?

“ Have we not hop'd these strains would long be  
 heard?

“ Have we not told how oft they touch'd the  
 soul?

“ And has not SCOTIA said, her youthful BARD

“ Might spread her fame ev'n to the distant  
 pole?

“ But vain, alas! are all the hopes we rais'd;

“ Death strikes the blow—they sink—their  
 reign is o'er;

“ And these sweet songs, which we so oft have  
 prais'd—

“ These mirthful strains shall now be heard no  
 more.

“ This

“ This, this proclaims how vain are all the joys  
 “ Which we so ardently wish to attain ;  
 “ Since ruthless fate so oft, so soon, destroys  
 “ The high-born hopes ev’n of the Muses,  
 train.”

I heard no more—The cock, with clarion shrill,  
 Loudly proclaim’d th’ approach of morning near—  
 The voice was gone—but yet I heard it still—  
 For every note was echo’d back by fear.

“ Perhaps, I cried, e’er yonder rising sun  
 “ Shall sink his glories in the western wave ;  
 “ Perhaps ’ere then my race may too be run,  
 “ And I myself laid in the silent grave.

“ Oft then, O mortals ! oft this dreadful truth  
 “ Should be proclaim’d—for fate is in the sound,  
 “ That genius, learning, health, and vigorous youth,  
 “ May, in one day, in death’s cold chains be  
 bound.”

J. TAIT.

F I N I S.

